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The Sketch

No. 991.—Vol. LXXVII.

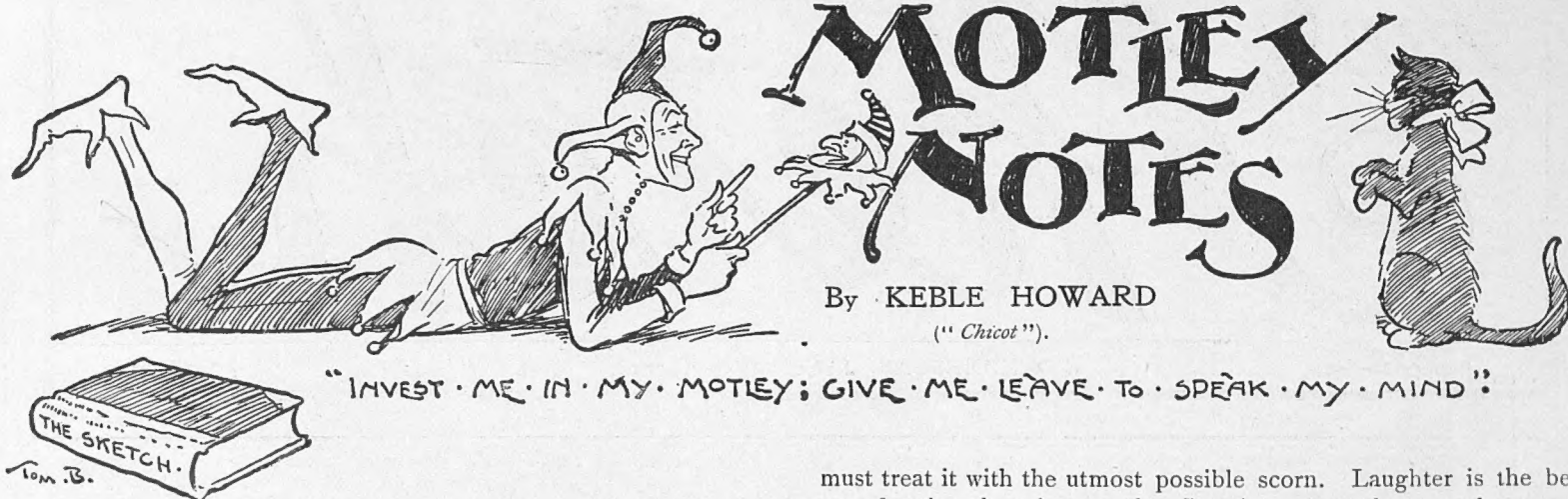
WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 24, 1912.

SIXPENCE.



ON THEIR WAY TO SEE THE RACE FOR THE EMPEROR'S CUP: THE KING-EMPEROR AND QUEEN-EMPRESS PASSING THE TOTALISATOR ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT THE RACECOURSE AT CALCUTTA.

There was a brilliant scene on the racecourse at Calcutta when, on the afternoon of Jan. 3, the King-Emperor and Queen-Emress were present to see the race for the Emperor's Cup. The dense crowds which thronged the neighbourhood of the course, in order to catch a glimpse of their Majesties, showed the same enthusiasm which attended the royal visitors wherever they went in Calcutta. Before the great event of the day the King-Emperor, who was in the best of spirits, went into the paddock with Lord Crewe. The race for the Emperor's Cup proved most exciting. The eighteen competitors got away to an excellent start, and kept close together for the greater part of the thirteen furlongs over which the race was run. After a fine finish, the Cup was won by Mr. J. C. Galstaun's mare, Brogue. In the evening their Majesties attended a torchlight tattoo and fireworks display on the Maidan. The totalisator is a common feature of race-meetings in India, although decidedly a rarity in this country.—[Photograph by C. N.]



With Regard to
Obituaries.

I have been reading, with very great interest, the newspaper obituaries of the late Mr. Labouchere. These obituaries, without exception, are highly eulogistic. Here is an extract—

"He had as kind a heart as any man who ever lived, but he could not bear pretentiousness, snobbery, or sham. He hated humbug so profoundly that, in his fear of seeming not to be entirely sincere himself, he sometimes gave people a wrong impression of his character. He would even pretend not to be generous and sympathetic. But a test always proved him the most loyal of friends, the most ready helper with purse or pen of all who could convince him that they had suffered injustice or injury."

All these things I believe to be true, but what I want to ask is this: Why was one never told them whilst Labouchere was alive? Can you honestly say, friend the reader, that you ever heard the name of "Labby" mentioned without a snigger or a sneer? Why do we wait until the man is dead before giving him his due? The secret is that Labouchere took a strong and independent line; such men are never "popular" whilst they live. Other men fear them, and whom men fear they hate. It is easy and safe to praise Labouchere now that he is dead; it would have needed the courage of a Labouchere to praise him while he was alive. The men we praise whilst they are alive are the men who swim with the stream, the men who interfere with nobody, the men who are forgotten ten days after they have ceased to breathe.

The Great Game. Labouchere lived a great life, because he played the great game. And the great game is not the winning game, despite the foolishnesses that are taught us in our youth. The great game is the fighting game. All the fun is in the fight, not in the victory. Thinking of one's school-days, one remembers certain boys who took particular care to be on the strongest side. They had nothing to do with the victory that was gained, but they were the first to crow over the vanquished. Boys never change. They have precisely the same characters at eighty as they have at eight. Literary critics are always crying out for "development" of character. I hold that there is no such thing as development of character; there is only growth. The boy who took such care to be on the winning side at school is the man who ranges himself alongside the rich and powerful directly he grows up, who kicks the weak out of the way and licks the boots of the strong. Their faces bewray them. They have lost the exhilaration of the struggle, and so they lack the sparkle and the vitality that keep men young. The great game, I repeat, is the fighting game, and the easy life is all bosh. If somebody presented me with a million pounds to-morrow I would make haste to lose it. But I would lose it over some preposterously splendid endeavour. I think I would found an institution for teaching certain men to cultivate the same manner with the rich and influential as they have with those who are of no use to them. How far would my poor little million go?

A Sane Freak. A very sensible "freak" party, I understand, has just been given in New York. The hostess was a little girl of twelve. She was suffering from an attack of whooping-cough, and, finding it "lonesome" to whoop alone, she invited twelve other little whoopers to come and whoop with her. I say that this was a sensible thing to do, because that is exactly the right way to deal with whooping-cough. You must despise it. You

must treat it with the utmost possible scorn. Laughter is the best cure for the whooping-cough. Laugh as you whoop and you will not whoop so long or so painfully. There is nothing particularly funny about whooping-cough in itself. I had a bad attack of it four years ago, and I know. It is a very unpleasant complaint. But you must find the fun in it, and you can find it if you try very hard. Never whoop patiently, for example. Complain as you whoop, stamp on the ground in your rage, curse Fate, but never accept whooping-cough as a deserved punishment. It is not deserved. It isn't your fault that you didn't have it in infancy. All my numerous brothers and sisters had it in infancy; but I could not catch it. I tried very hard, because I was intensely anxious to whoop. I regarded it as an achievement. One day, in the presence of my mother, I did, as a matter of fact, whoop. "I've got it!" I cried joyfully. "Do it again," she said. I tried, and failed. Hence this scientific treatise for the benefit of mankind.

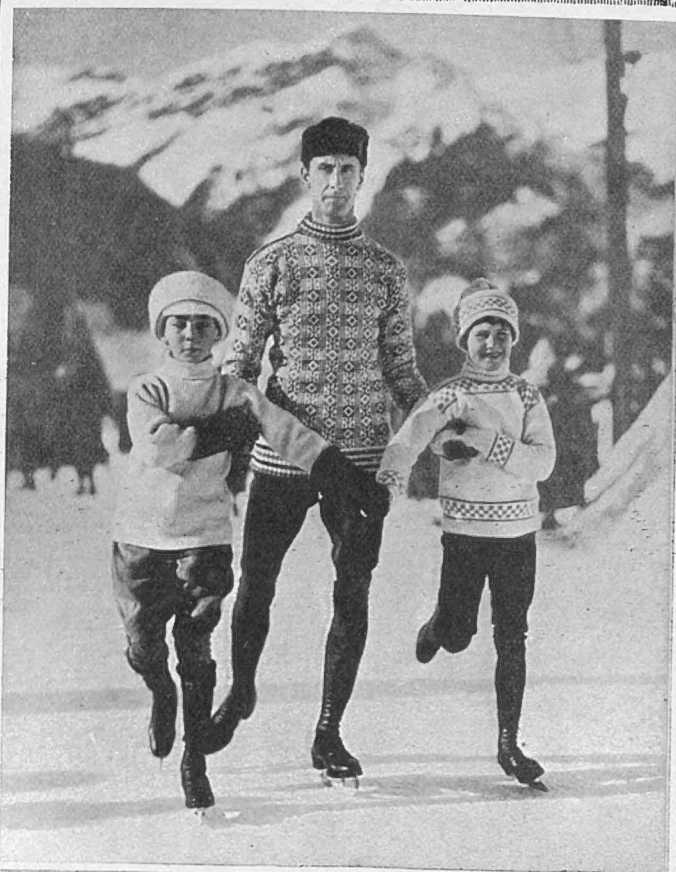
Illogical Brides.

Every now and then the world hears of a bride who refuses to promise to "obey" her husband. I have met married women who boasted that they did not repeat the word "obey" after the priest, and they had a sort of idea that this rendered them more or less independent. I asked them whether they had also refused to "love" and "honour," and the question was met with an indignant denial. We are told—I don't know why—never to expect logic from a woman; but they ought to be logical when they are going through such an important affair as the marriage ceremony. They glibly and cheerfully promise to do two things that they cannot do of their own free will, but refuse the very thing within their power. It is absurd, when you think of it, for a woman to promise either to "love" a man for all time, or to "honour" him for all time. If the marriage service is to be revised, as we are told, I would humbly suggest that the woman should be asked, "Do you, at the present moment, love this man?" That is as far as any reasonable person can expect to go, and the question would be more valuable and more pertinent. People may perjure themselves in the Law Courts, but they would not be so ready to commit perjury before the altar. These promises as to the future are too easy and too vague. No wonder that many couples gabble through them without thinking in the least of what they are saying. The question that I have suggested would give many of them pause, would it not? I merely ask for information.

Universal Chatter.

"The past age may be said to have been an age of universal scribbling; we must see that the coming age is not an age of universal chatter." These wise words fell from the lips of Miss Elsie Fogerty, who was delivering an address at Bedford College. I wish Miss Fogerty had added three words. Her warning would have had more value, I think, if she had said, "We must see that the coming age is not an age of universal chatter on universal subjects." The trouble is that people will chatter about things outside their own line. Nobody wants to hear a professor of anatomy on the drama or a dramatist on the use and misuse of radium. If people must talk, let them talk shop. But they should not talk shop to those who keep the same sort of shop. Grocers when they meet, as I suppose they often do, should not bore each other with views about bacon, and parsons should never tell each other that the only way to be happy is to be good. People are interesting when they talk shop if the people to whom they are talking know nothing whatever about the subject. Besides, they have so much more opportunity to talk well. They need not confine themselves to dull facts. They can invent. That is why lying travellers are so delightful. You don't care. You just let them lie.

'MIDST SNOW AND ICE: WINTER-SPORTERS.



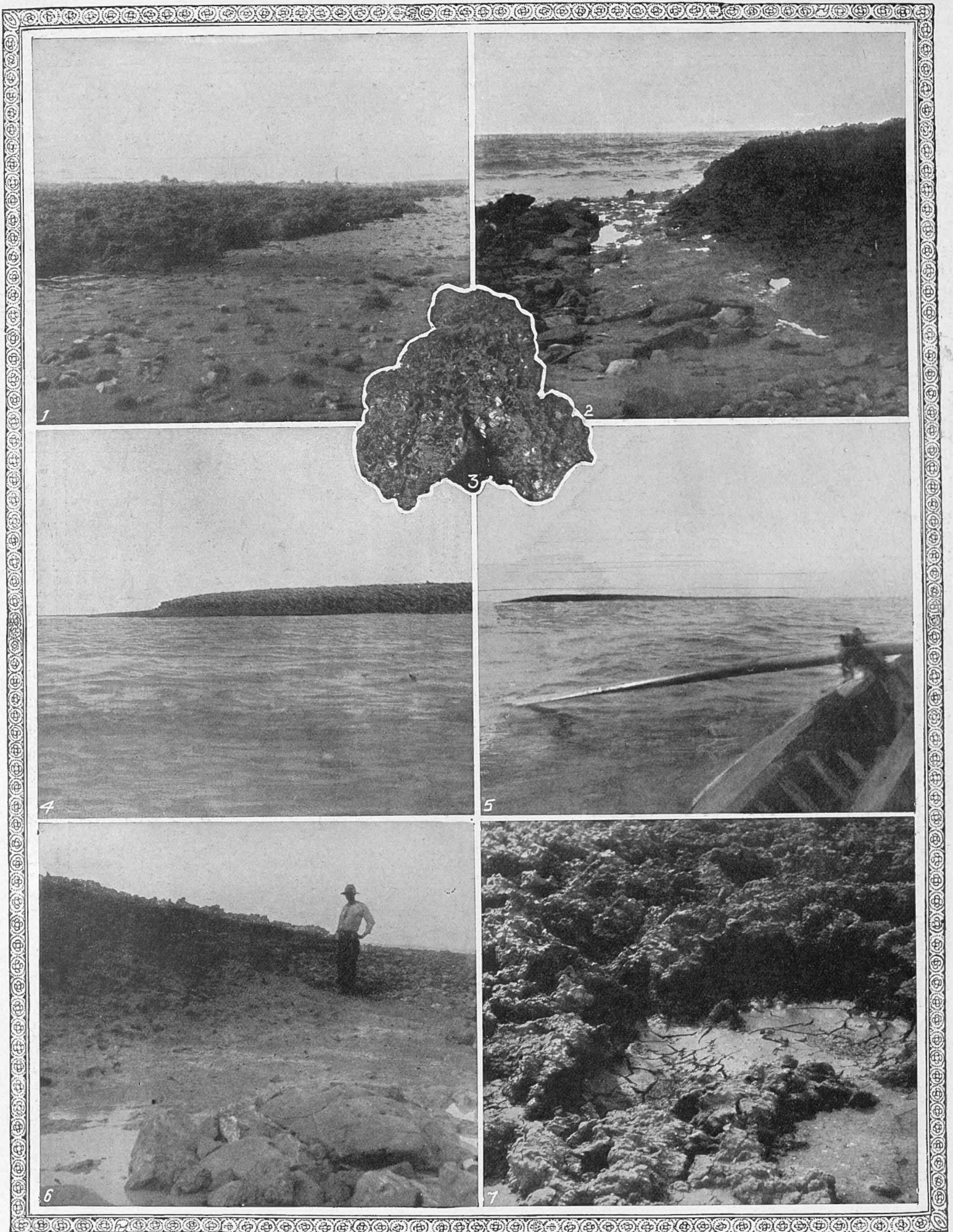
1. A DESCENDANT OF THE NOVELIST: THE EARL OF LYTTON, WITH
VISCOUNT KNEBWORTH AND MASTER TRENCHENT LEVER, AT WENGEN.

2. ON DEEP SNOW: LADY ELLIOTT SKI-RUNNING
AT MÜRREN.

3. AN AMERICAN GRACE: THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH TOBOGGANING AT WENGEN.

The Duchess of Marlborough, whose marriage to the ninth Duke took place in 1895, was Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt, daughter of Mr. William Kissam Vanderbilt, of New York. She has two sons—the Marquess of Blandford, born in 1897, and Lord Ivor Spencer-Churchill, born in 1898.—The Earl of Lytton (the second) was born in 1876, and succeeded in 1891. In 1902, he married Pamela, daughter of the late Sir Trevor John Chichele Chichele-Plowden. His elder son, Lord Knebworth, who is here seen on his left, was born in 1903; his younger son, the Hon. Alexander Bulwer-Lytton, was born in 1910.—[Photographs by Ulyett, C. N., and Topical.]

GERMANY, PLEASE ENVY! A NEW BRITISH POSSESSION.

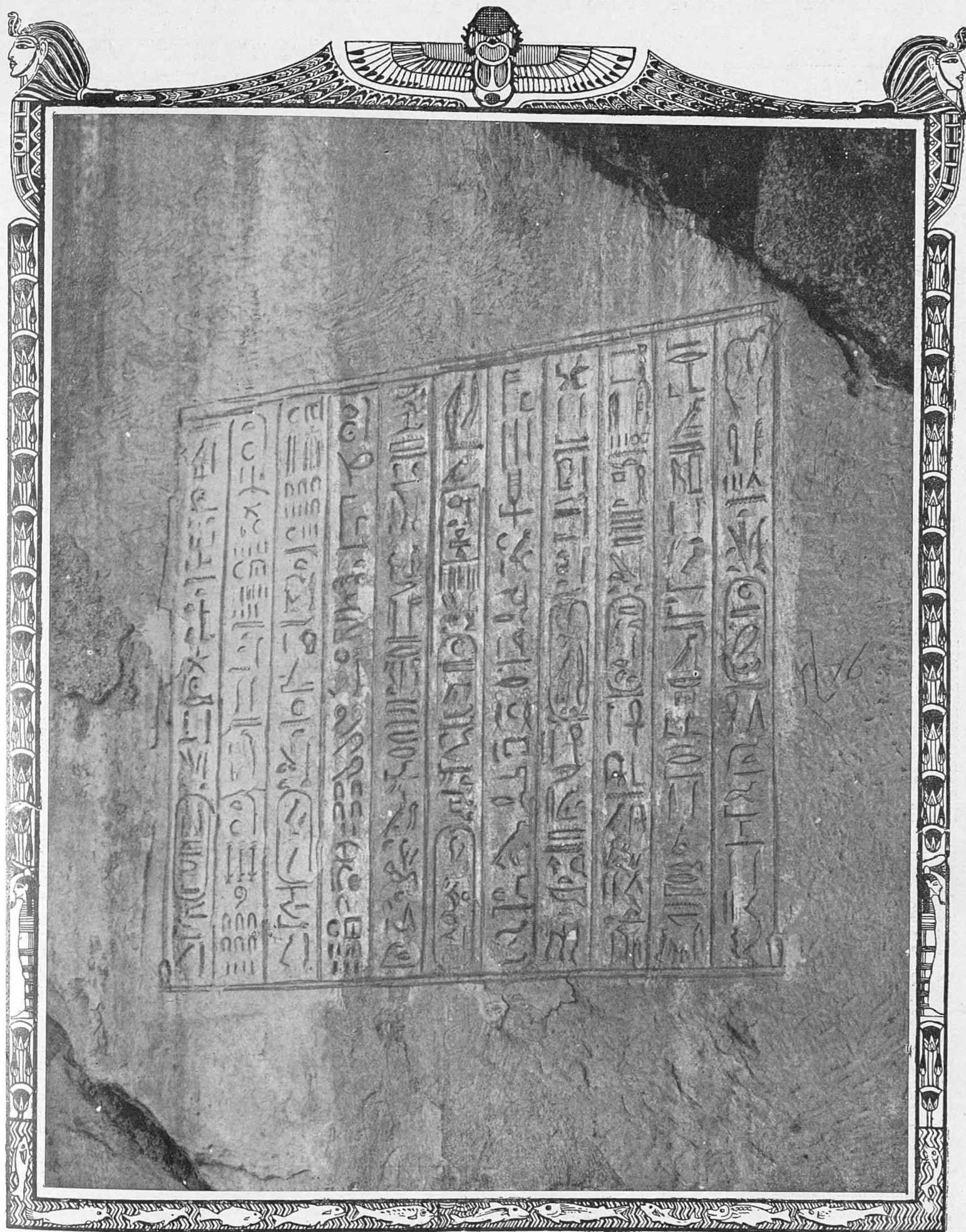


1. THE LATEST ADDITION TO THE BRITISH EMPIRE: THE SEASHORE OF THE NEW ISLAND OFF THE SOUTHERN COAST OF TRINIDAD.
2. LAND WHICH ROSE FROM THE SEA NEAR THE SERPENT'S MOUTH, WITH FIRE, SMOKE, AND QUAKINGS: ON THE EASTERN END OF THE ISLAND.
3. SENT TO THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY A CORRESPONDENT: A PIECE OF THE NEW ISLAND.

4. PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE SEA: THE NEW ISLAND.
5. SHOWING ITS WHALE-LIKE FORM: THE NEW ISLAND.
6. A SNAPSHOT GIVING A GOOD IDEA OF THE ISLAND'S HEIGHT: THE WESTERN END, TAKEN FROM THE SEA-LEVEL.
7. SHOWING MUD THAT HAS DRIED AND CRACKED: AN INACTIVE CRATER ON THE ISLAND.

Additions to the British Empire have usually been made by human efforts, such as colonisation or conquest, but the other day Nature herself presented King George with a new piece of territory, in the shape of a small island which suddenly rose from the sea off the southern coast of Trinidad. Its emergence from the waves (which, as we all know, Britannia rules) was accompanied by clouds of smoke and flames hundreds of feet high, and, not unnaturally, caused the astonished natives of the neighbouring coast to believe that the end of the world had come. Owing to the explosive character of its arrival, it has been suggested that the new island should be called Guy Fawkes Island. The island measures 550 feet by 500 feet, and is 15 feet above water. The surface is very uneven, and the soft mud resembles that in the mud-volcanoes in Trinidad. At the mouth of the craters there are some harder pieces of rock containing a copper-coloured mineral.—[Photographs by C. W. Scott.]

GERMAN BOMBAST ON THE GREAT PYRAMID.



INSCRIBED BY "SERVANTS OF THE KING WHOSE NAME IS THE SUN AND ROCK OF PRUSSIA": WRITING IN THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN MANNER, BUT CUT IN 1842. RECENTLY DISCOVERED ON THE GREAT PYRAMID.

The inscription here reproduced is on the last remaining arch-stones over the entrance of the Great Pyramid at Ghizeh, which was for long believed to be innocent of any hieroglyphics. Those who wrote it in 1842, in imitation of the ancient Egyptian manner, must have found the entrance by accident and have decided to set their mark upon it to record the fact. Later, the drift of sand covered it, and it was only recently found. Translated, it reads: "Thus speak the Servants of the King, whose name is the Sun and Rock of Prussia, Lepsius the Scribe, Erbkam the architect, the Brothers Weidenbach the painters, Frey the painter, Franke the moulder, Bonomi the sculptor, Wild the architect; All hail to the Eagle, The Protector of the Cross, To the King the Sun and Rock of Prussia, To the Son of the Sun, who freed his Fatherland, Frederick William the Fourth, the Philopater, The Father of his Country, the Gracious One, the Favourite of Wisdom and History, the Guardian of the Rhine, whom Germany has chosen, the Dispenser of Life, May the Most High God grant the King and his Consort, the Queen Elizabeth, the Rich in Life, the Philopater, the Mother of Her Country, the Gracious One, an ever new and long life on Earth, and a blessed habitation in Heaven through all Eternity. In the year of our Saviour 1842, in the tenth month, on the fifteenth day, on the forty-seventh birthday of his Majesty, on the Pyramid of King Cleops; in the third year, in the fifth month, on the ninth day of the reign of his Majesty; in the year 3164 from the commencement of the Sothis period under the King Meneptes."—[Photograph by William Sanford.]

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Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

MOVEMENT AND MORALS.

(See Illustrations.)

A TRIM little figure in white, lithe and slim. This is Mrs. Roger Watts, who has startled Society in Rome, in London—at the Albert Hall last year—and now in Paris. It is true that Paris inclined its ear to the wonderful new theories enunciated by Mrs. Watts before London did; but the demonstrations were private—in the drawing-rooms of Society leaders—until the other day, when a theatre was engaged, and, before stalls and boxes, the professor of a new science revealed the truth that she has wrested from the past. For "the art of Mrs. Roger Watts," as it has been elegantly called, is another proof of the old axiom that there is nothing new under the sun. Her secret is more than two thousand years old—old as the golden age of Greek sculpture. It was in regarding the sublime images of god-like men, in contemplating their impenetrable calm and sovereign grace, that Mrs. Roger Watts evolved her theories of balance in movement—theories that have the sanction of some of the foremost scientific brains of the day. Savants of the Sorbonne came and saw and comprehended the existence, the recovery, of a new-old secret, a secret which had reposed in the stony bosoms of the masterpieces of Praxiteles and Phidias.

The Archer, the Dancing Boy, the superb and glorious figure of the Discobolus, the charioteer, the youth, with bended knee, defending himself from attack—these are the magic pictures of a past and, alas! lost sculptural power that Mrs. Roger Watts reconstitutes before our eyes with the simple background of a dark velvet curtain. And as she lectures in the midst of these vivid demonstrations of perfect poise and balance and of the supremest height of beauty, none is astonished at the claim that from the perfection of movement may grow the perfection of soul.

Long, long ago, the idea embodied in the phrase "Mens sana in corpore sano" had its Greek expression in the union of body and mind. The theory of Mrs. Watts has revived and given fresh power and delight to this formula of the complete man. It transforms all our notions of movement, just as it transforms our way of walking, our conception of statuary. "Carry the weight forward in walking," is a cardinal principle of the new balance in movement, for the secret is to keep the centre of gravity of moving weight exactly over its base." This reduces effort by half, whilst it increases speed.

One of the practical effects of the new system of movement is that you walk upstairs with a straight back instead of in a crouching attitude. In the same way, Mrs. Roger Watts, in her demonstrations, vaults lightly on a block of wood representing the old chariot, to show that the classic charioteer of the golden age drove his glowing steeds with a straight back, just as he jumped, unbending, to his place, otherwise he would have been thrown forward on to the horses. Have not German professors declared that the gestures and attitudes of the famous Greek statues were wrong and unnatural? Mrs. Roger Watts, with womanly wits and real enthusiasm for learning, has disproved Teutonic pedantry. The Greeks were right. They knew how to ride and how to wrestle, how to walk and how to throw the disc, just as their sculptors understood pure beauty, and their dramatists the eternal laws of the drama and the sense of tragedy in depicting sublime and terrific episodes.

"Sequential movement," in which the brain is called upon to act with the muscle, produces an elastic type of nervous concentration. The result is "development of mental equipoise, rendering possible perfect control of all thought-movement." Therefore, character can be changed or affected by a sequence of movements, sufficiently and persistently prolonged. That is the theory; and who can doubt it, when one sees delicate-looking women given a secret courage and an amazing physical equipment with the use and practice of jiu-jitsu?

For there is something in common with the two systems, though East is East and West is West. The Greeks went through preliminary movements to fit them for war—movements simple, direct, decisive, that speedily disarmed the antagonist; and out of this physical competence must come calm and courage of the soul. These are deep matters of psychic-physiology; but this brilliant woman lecturer, who has caught the social and scientific attention of Paris, London, and Rome, is a triumphant example of the truth of her own theories: liberty in perfect command, the parallel control of mind and body.

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Seventy-six (from Oct. 11, 1911, to Jan. 3, 1912) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London.

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"How Much Did You Pay a Ton?"

No longer do men with few ideas talk on the subject of the weather and the crops. The typical clubman no longer asks his friends when they meet in the club hall whether their gout or rheumatism is better, and how this damp weather affects their bronchial tubes. "How much coal does your cellar hold?" is the question now of first importance; and "How much did you pay a ton?" comes next. All the clubs have filled up their coal-cellars to their utmost storage capacity, for house committees do not run risks; and when it was announced that the miners had voted by an immense majority in favour of a strike the stewards were instructed to communicate at once with the club coal merchants. Ten days ago, looking up the side streets leading off from Piccadilly and St. James's Street and Pall Mall, coal-wagons might be seen by the kitchen-doors of every club, while sturdy coal-heavers sent cataracts of the black diamonds down into the cellars.

The Cautious Householder.

But if the clubs and the Admiralty and the railways, and other bodies public and private, have decided to run no risks of a shortage of coal, the caution of the average Briton has come into play, and most householders and flat-dwellers have been content to await events. Germany and America are both watching the English market very carefully, and should quarrelsome miners and stubborn masters and greedy coal-merchants amongst them put the price of British coal so high that American and German and French coal-owners can compete successfully with home producers in the British market, the most confirmed Protectionist will not object to foreign coal. That the British miners would make an attempt to prevent foreign coal entering this country is quite probable. But in this they would surely be defeated, for fuel is as much a necessity of life as is bread and meat, and if the worst came to the worst, Government must give military protection. If coal does run up to an inordinate price, it is not the idle rich who will suffer, though they may grumble at paying two pounds a ton, but the families of poor working men.

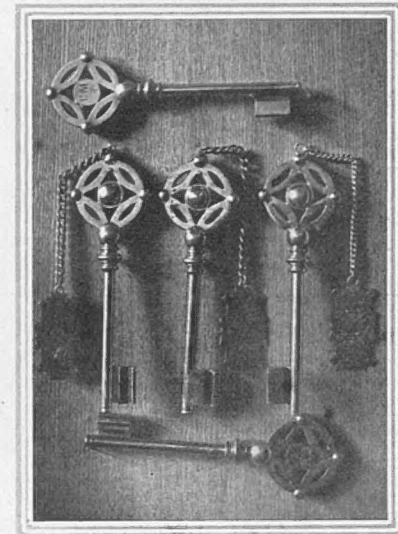
Club and College Arms.

That a veterinary surgeon has been fined for using on his note-paper the arms of the Royal Veterinary College without paying the tax for bearing arms will not grievously disturb members of other colleges

the arms of a college worn on a blazer render the wearer liable to a penalty I do not know; but I should imagine that some such plea as could be advanced by a servant wearing the crested buttons of a club would hold good in that case also.

The Sheringham District Council.

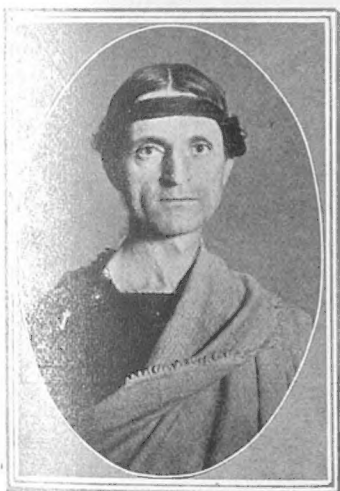
The Sheringham District Council were unwise, to put the matter mildly, in the form in which they couched their objections to the visit during the summer to the neighbourhood of their town of a large force of Territorials. That the water-supply might be insufficient in the hot months of the year for the town and for a large body of men in addition was quite a good reason, unless the military authorities were able in some way or another to supplement the water-supply; but to say that the Territorials were likely to bring in their wake a number of disreputable camp-followers shows that the members of the Sheringham District Council must be quite unaware of the character of the men of the Territorials, and of the conditions under which they come into camp. The old prejudice against "going for a soldier" dies hard in many of the outlying parts of Great Britain, and it would be interesting to know if any of the members of the Sheringham District Council have ever served their King in any military capacity, or if any members of their families have in this way done their duty towards their country. It is not a moment to snub men who, in the face of much criticism, give up their holiday-time to learn how to defend the hearths and homes of people who treat them discourteously.



FOUND AFTER THE BUILDINGS TO WHICH THEY BELONGED HAD BEEN BLOWN UP: KEYS OF THE OLD FORTS AND MAGAZINES AT PRETORIA.

Our correspondent writes: "The keys shown here belonged to the old Republican forts and magazines at Pretoria, and in consequence of their not being found the forts and magazines were blown up when the English army took possession during the South African War. The keys have just been recovered by a resident of Pretoria who was engaged on excavation work. They are eighteen inches long, and bear the letters 'S.A.R.', viz. South African Republic."

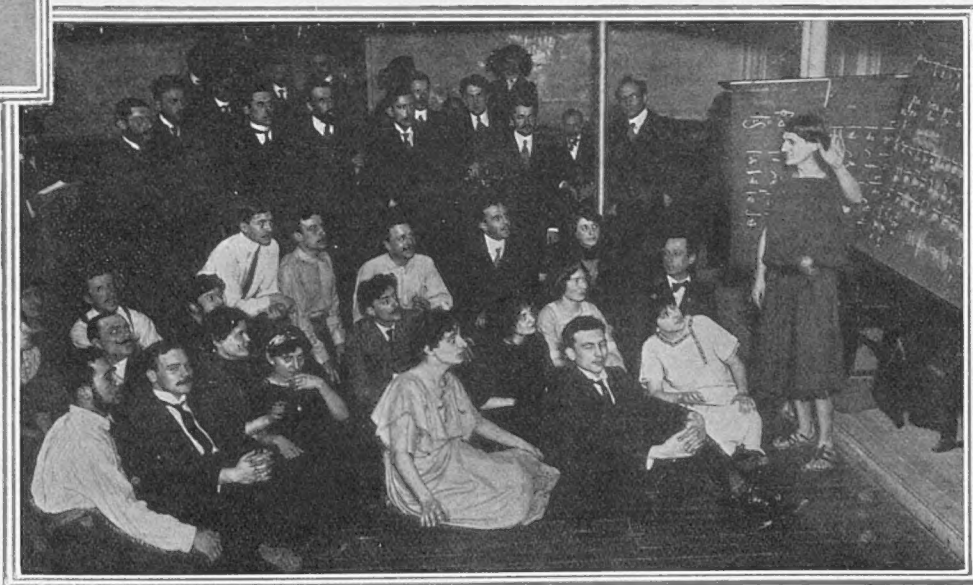
Photograph by Fleet Agency.



TO DANCE THE LIFE OF SOCRATES WITH HIS WIFE, PENELOPE: MR. RAYMOND DUNCAN.

Mr. Raymond Duncan, brother of Miss Isadora Duncan, and his wife, Penelope, are to dance "The Life of Socrates" in Paris early in February. His Greek attire does not meet with universal favour there, and only the other day some ladies went to court in an endeavour to show cause why he should not be allowed to live in a certain flat by reason of his clothing. The case was dismissed, so Mr. Duncan triumphed!

and of clubs, for, as long as such note-paper is written on only in the club or in the college, the individual cannot be proceeded against. But the taste for note-paper adorned with arms seems to be passing away. A coronet is all that a peer or a peeress has on his or her note-paper; and in most clubs, even if they do boast arms, plainly lettered paper is more used than the paper with the club escutcheon upon it. Whether



TO TRAIN A SQUAD OF FRENCH SOLDIERS IN HELLENIC EXERCISES: MR. RAYMOND DUNCAN; AND A "CLASS."

Mr. Duncan is carrying on a simple life and Hellenic art campaign, and is lecturing with much success. His classes in Hellenic gymnastics are also well attended. His disciples number 170. He is to train a squad of French soldiers in Hellenic exercises.—[Photographs by Netts.]

The Prince of Wales's Regiment.

It is very generally stated that the Prince of Wales, in the course of the next few months, will join the 19th Hussars to learn the elements of soldiering. The Heir to the Throne must, as a matter of course, run up the ranks of the Army as well as those of the Navy, and should the 19th be chosen as the regiment in which he is to serve as a subaltern, the young Prince will learn his work very thoroughly, for the regiment is stationed at Aldershot, it is a corps in which efficient work is put before polo, and Sir John French, the most distinguished British cavalry officer of the day, is its Colonel. The 19th Hussars has always been the cavalry regiment associated with Heirs to the Throne; but the 10th at the present time are serving in India, and the Prince is not likely to do any service abroad.

FRIVOLITIES

OF PHRYNETTE

AND WHY?

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London."

"I LIVE," said the handsome man—an Englishman, of course—"because of the spell of coming adventure."

"And I," said I (Phrynette) "live for the next post."

"It's the same thing," said the handsome man intolerantly.

"No, not quite; the post would not suffice you. A letter is merely the spirit of adventure. Besides, how could I or any woman confess to living for adventure?"

"And I live," said the earnest woman—an Englishwoman, of course—"because it's the only way to reach eighty-three. It's the ideal age for a woman. I have an aunt who is eighty-three, and she is the happiest woman I know. Oh, you may shrug your shoulders. Wait and see."

But I went on shrugging. I consider the glorification of decay immoral.

"Madame, your aunt proves nothing at all. I have an uncle who fought in '70. He lost the shape of his nose and both eyes. He is the vainest man you could imagine—not of his prowess, of his appearance. He can't see himself, of course. Can Madam your Aunt remember? As to "wait and see," it's a dupe's game. Before waiting I must see whether it's worth waiting for."

We had all been trying to explain our submission towards life. It was after lunch, and raining—they told me afterwards it had been raining; I was too interested to notice it—it was not quite Sunday, but it felt like it; in fact, it was Saturday afternoon, in the country. We had meant to go in



BROTHER OF THE DUKE OF LEINSTER; LORD DESMOND FITZGERALD, IN MASQUERADE COSTUME.

Photograph by Dover Street Studios.

the woods and pick primroses, but, instead, we talked about a book we had all read, ending with these words: "And why?" "Jennie Gerhardt" is an American book; in fact, Jennie—not the book, but the woman who makes it—could not have been conceived by anyone but an American or an Irishman, now that Dickens is dead. No other man of any other nation has that tender conception, that faith, that respect, and that indulgence for woman. The Irish and the American do not make of woman what, alas! she is, the counterpart and worthy mate of man, but a goddess without a backbone. Whereas an ordinary woman with a straight, stiff back would fall, a pliant goddess will bend, like a bulrush, under the wind of circumstance, and lose none of her dignity. Jennie was a pliant goddess. Whether she bent her supple back to scrub the stairs or to shroud her dead love, she remained always straight and full of grace.

Do you know why angels wear long white robes? So that every spot should show, and to teach them how to pick their steps with care. If an angel, on its way through life, should pass a Frenchman, he would adjust his monocle, stare at its flowing hem, and wave his arms. "Mon Dieu!" he would



EARL CARRINGTON'S ONLY SON; VISCOUNT WENDOVER, IN THE MASQUERADE AT TAPLOW COURT.

Lord Wendover was born in 1895. His father, the first Earl, is joint Hereditary Lord Great Chamberlain, and was appointed to act for the present reign.

Photograph by Dover Street Studios.



THE "OBEY" WEDDING: MR. VICTOR D. DUVAL AND HIS WIFE (FORMERLY MISS UNA S. DUGDALE) LEAVING THE CHAPEL ROYAL.

Some sensation was caused the other day by the statement that the word "obey" was to be left out of the marriage service at the wedding of Mr. Victor D. Duval, Secretary of the Men's Political Union for Women's Suffrage, and Miss Una Stratford Dugdale, daughter of Commander Edward Stratford Dugdale, and niece of Viscount Peel, a prominent Suffragette. Before the beginning of the service, however, the Rev. Hugh Chapman, who officiated, said that an agreement had been come to that the service should be read throughout, as an act of loyalty to the King; this, of course, because the wedding was taking place at the Chapel Royal, Savoy. (Photograph by L.N.A.)

say, "but that angel is *mal soigné!*" The angel would hang its pink face and rush recklessly along. If it should meet an Englishman, the Englishman would see the spots, and look elsewhere. "By Jove!" he would say, "what a pity!" Then he would whistle between his teeth a false tune, as likely as not, and, peeping over his shoulder, "Why," he would say, "what a silly ass I am! Is there not such a thing as dry-cleaning? Let me cover you with my travelling-rug until your—er—surplice comes back." "What a wise human!" the angel would think! If an Irishman met an angel and you pointed at the hem of its robe, "There are no spots on angels' robes," he would shout. "Father Hennessy says so, and who will tread on the tail of me coat?" If an American met the angel and you whispered to him, uncharitably, "Spots!" he would say, "I can't see any spot. You blue-nailed son of a nigger, it's as bully an angel as ever came straight from heaven!" And the angel would weep and say to itself, "I'll wash these spots away with my own frail hands." And that's how it's much pleasanter to play the angel in America. I know I have discussed Mary Queen of Scots with an American, and I came away with the belief that, anyway, historians were "blue-nailed sons," etc.

Jennie Gerhardt is a sister of Esther Waters—a prettier, more womanly, more refined, more lovable sister; and she is a cousin of Tess of the D'Urbervilles, a younger and wiser cousin, who knows that by kicking against Fate one opens crevices under one's very feet. But it is not fair to talk of Esther or of Tess, for Jennie is Jennie, and a charming, touching creature. She could have made the man marry her whenever she wished—it would have been for his own happiness. But Jennie was really too good and too intelligent to do what every ordinary woman can do—make the man marry her. To make people happy against their wish is a soul-crushing process, as any statesman-philanthropist could tell you. You can only point the way to happiness, but you can't prod the unwilling towards the goal with the fork of the devil, or the spectre of bad form, or whatever kind of fear is fashionable at the time.

Read "Jennie Gerhardt," and tell me what would you have done in her place except ask of Fate "And why?" with a sigh and a smile. Jennie knew that lambs are born for the hunger of man, and, on the whole, she'd rather have been a lamb than a butcher. And talking about Jennie was very much like picking primroses. Primroses carry the sun's glory from the woods to the close houses, and die there in stagnant water. Those that are not picked are crushed under heels, and the poorest of all are not seen, but wither, having given no joy. So live and die the primroses and the Jennie Gerhardts!



THE HOST AT A RECENT MASQUERADE; LORD DESBOROUGH, IN THE COSTUME HE WORE.

Photograph by Dover Street Studios.

SOCIETY MASQUERADERS: FIGURES FROM TAPLOW COURT.



1. ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND: LADY ROSEMARY LEVESON-GOWER.

2. THE ELDER SON OF THE DUKE OF PORTLAND: THE MARQUESS OF TITCHFIELD.

3. ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE OF PORTLAND: LADY VICTORIA CAVENDISH-BENTINCK.

4. A POPULAR IRISH PEERESS: VISCOUNTESS MASSEREENE, WITH MR. P. SHAW STEWART.

5. HOSTESS AND SECOND SON: LADY DESBOROUGH AND THE HON. GERALD W. GRENFELL.

Lady Rosemary Leveson-Gower, only daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, was born in 1893, three years after the younger of her brothers, Lord Alistair Leveson-Gower, and five after her elder brother, the Marquess of Stafford, whose engagement to Lady Eileen Butler, elder daughter of Lord Lanesborough, was announced the other day.—Lord Titchfield was born in 1893, and holds a commission in the Nottinghamshire Yeomanry. His brother, Lord Francis Cavendish-Bentinck, is seven years his junior; his sister, Lady Victoria, his elder by three years.—Lady Massereene and Ferrard, whose marriage to the twelfth Viscount took place in 1905, was Miss Jean Barbara Ainsworth, and is a daughter of Mr. John Stirling Ainsworth, M.P. She has one daughter, who is the heiress to the Viscounty.—Before her marriage, which took place in 1887, Lady Desborough was known as Miss Ethel Anne Priscilla Fane, daughter of the late Hon. Julian H. C. Fane. She has three sons and two daughters.—Our photographs show costumes worn at the Masquerade at Taplow Court. (See the portrait of Lady Diana Manners on another page.)—[Photographs by Dover Street Studios.]



By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.

SATURN'S rings are said to be showing symptoms of breaking up. From this it may be deduced that they have got their Theodore Roosevelt even among the planets.



A kingfisher has made its home by the lake in Greenwich Park. So far, the usual idiot has not shot it.

Sewing, according to one of the greatest authorities on school life, imposes a greater strain on children's eyesight than a cinematograph theatre. It is not often that school-children are able to endorse so thoroughly the ideas of a great authority.

Mme. Cavaleri says that beauty of itself does not bring happiness, because one cannot be beautiful for ever, and love which centres only round a woman's beauty turns to hate when she grows old. But, judging from the advertisements in the ladies' papers, there is not the slightest need for a woman ever to grow old.

All this fuss about war and peace between theatres and music-halls is so much beating the air. They have every one got to be turned into cinematograph palaces in a year or two, so all this to-do is only the squeaking of the pig before it gets stuck.

Classes started on Jan. 15 at Aldershot for the instruction of officers in the art of cooking. This should



do much towards solving the problem of where to find a cook-general.

Headmasters have been debating on "The Dunce; and How to Deal with Him." The degenerates! Their predecessors never worried to debate the matter. They simply dealt faithfully with the dunce.



Dr. G. H. Smith, of Hull, according to the *Evening News*, says that he would rather become a pugilist than suffer as some have done by sticking to music. "Pugilist" is good. It must be a refreshing sight to see Blinky Bill arguing with an organ-grinder in a quiet street.

Mr. Carnegie says that he was a fool to sell his property for such a trifle as eighty-six millions sterling. But surely, holding the

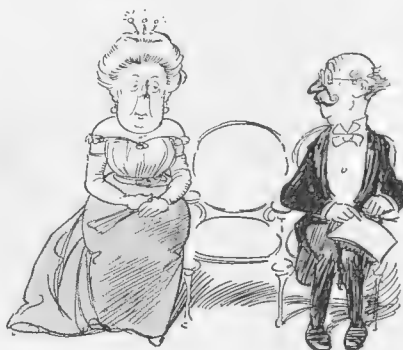
views he does on the iniquity of dying rich, it is greatly to his credit that he chucked away his wealth for an old song, as it were.

TO PHYLLIS.

ON OUR WEDDING MORNING.

(One of the signs of the times is said to be the increasing reluctance of brides to say the words "and obey" in the Marriage Service.)

Phyllis, please listen without animosity
If, very humbly, I venture, to say
That I'm consumed with a weak curiosity
As to the vows you will utter to-day.
When you, in old-fashioned trappings
all glorious,
Stand at the altar in bridal array,
Think of that horrible headline,
"Notorious
Bride who omitted the words 'and obey.'"



Will you, adopting the Suffragette attitude,
Brand your poor husband as Juggins the J?
If you would win my unqualified gratitude
Fill not my rapturous heart with dismay.
Come, on our wedding morn, let us be sensible,
No one, I promise, shall give you away
If you will speak that absurd, reprehensible,
Early Victorian phrase "and obey."

An apologist for fogs says that they help to keep Londoners healthy. But he forgets that, thanks to the anti-smoke agitators, the Londoner now has to go to Sheffield to get his smoke cure.

"Do men marry for a home?" is the question which is exercising what brains people have left after Christmas. Not they. Men marry because some girl

has decided that she wants a home, and sees that they provide it.

Mr. Symmons, the Greenwich magistrate, lecturing a prisoner, said, "If you sing badly, and people don't like it, that's begging." Good. The local tenor is now brought within the meshes of the law.

Compliments to the doctors are flying about in South Africa. A coloured



sportsman should have a berth under the Insurance Act.

PERCY BY NIGHT.

(The really well-dressed man is now to be seen in the height of fashion when he is in bed. Never before have such gorgeous pyjamas and dressing-gowns been worn.)

Percy is having a gay time
In raiment both merry and bright;
He's gorgeous enough in the daytime,
But ten times more startling at night.
He sleeps in dyed garments from Bozra,
He snores in the purple of Tyre;
His silken pyjamas are burglar-alarms,
His slippers vociferate "fire."

Percy considers that night-time,
After he's gone to his rest,
Is the twentieth-century right time
For a man to appear at his best.
But his bedroom should always be flooded
With light, incandescent and arc,
For I hold it ungracious that things so splendid
Should only be worn in the dark.

Sheringham has been attacked in some quarters because it does not want its golf interfered with by Territorials. When will these reactionary militarists understand that a free people thinks much more of football and golf than of the fetish of defending the country?



✠ ✠ OUR WONDERFUL WORLD! ✠ ✠



A LIVING GIOCONDA: ONE OF THE COMPETITORS IN THE "MONA LISA" BEAUTY SHOW.

An interesting beauty competition recently took place in Berlin, the object being to find the lady most like Leonardo da Vinci's portrait of Mona Lisa (third wife of Francesco del Giocondo) which was last year stolen from the Louvre and is still missing. There were a large number of competitors, each of whom had to appear in a frame with the "Mona Lisa" background. The jury was composed of well-known artists.—[Photographs by Record Press.]



THE SEARCH FOR THE MISSING THIRD WIFE OF FRANCESCO DEL GIOCONDO: COMPETITORS IN A "MONA LISA" SHOW AT BERLIN, AND SOME OF THE JUDGES.



NEITHER LOT'S WIFE NOR THE SNOW QUEEN: THE SEGANTINI MONUMENT AT ST. MORITZ.

The Italian painter Giovanni Segantini (1858-1899) is buried in the cemetery at Maloja, near St. Moritz, and there is a Segantini Museum with a marble monument by Bistolfi, designed for Segantini's tomb.—[Photograph by A. Scherl.]



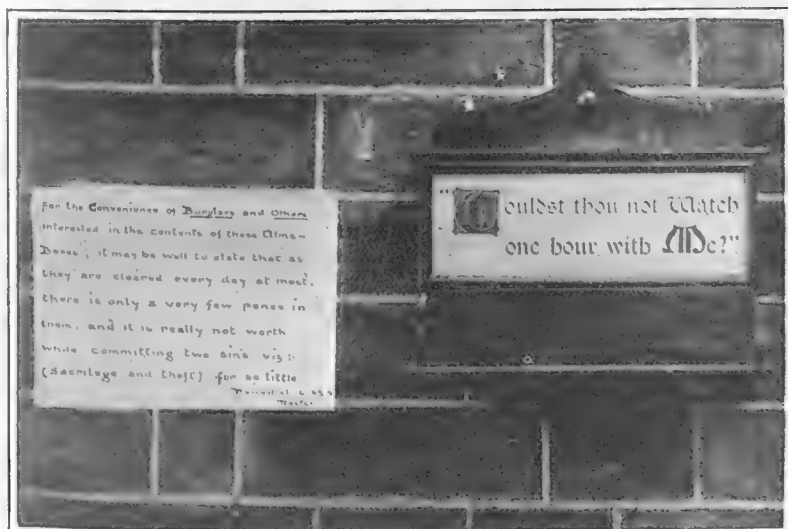
A WHITE HOUSE IN THE ROCKIES: A DESIGN FOR THE PROPOSED SUMMER PALACE OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE U.S.A.

Funds are being raised by the leading citizens of Colorado to provide the President of the United States with a summer home on Mount Falcon, fifteen miles from Denver, in the Rocky Mountains, as a gift from the whole State of Colorado. The architect is Mr. James B. Benedict.—[Photograph by C.N.]



IN MEMORY OF PAUL DE KOCK'S GREAT CREATION: A MONUMENT TO MIMI PINSON IN PARIS.

This monument to Mimi Pinson (the Midinette of Other Days), in Paris, was designed to commemorate one of the best-known creations of the famous Parisian novelist, Paul de Kock (1794-1871).—[Photo. by Underwood and Underwood.]



PRESERVING THE SOUL OF BILL SIKES: A CHURCH NOTICE "FOR THE CONVENIENCE OF BURGLARS."

Frequent thefts having occurred from the alms-box at the Roman Catholic Church of St. Gregory, Earlsfield, a notice was put beside the box to the effect that, as it was cleared every day, it was not worth while to imperil one's souls by committing theft and sacrilege for the sake of a few pence. There has since been no theft.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



LENT BY THE QUEEN TO THE LONDON MUSEUM: A PAIR OF KING EDWARD'S BABY SHOES.

Among the exhibits in the new London Museum at Kensington Palace, to be opened early this spring, is an interesting collection of objects lent by the Queen. They include the shoes here shown, worn by King Edward as a baby.—[Photograph by C.N.]



By E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

Reinhardt's
"Œdipus."

At last the great event has occurred, the "Œdipus Rex" of Reinhardt has been presented, and we are all raving about it. London is happy, it has a new sensation—for a short while. And I am glad to say that the name of Sophocles is not ignored in the affair, it is even mentioned on the programme—"fancy that"—not, of course, in such big type as that accorded to Mr. Martin Harvey, or the German professor, or the players; but still it is there. So now the old gentleman knows that he is famous, since he has supplied the raw material for an immense spectacular sensational entertainment. I suppose that what has happened is all right and that I am all wrong—I often am—and that it is a great thing for the art of the theatre that everybody should be talking about the genius of Professor Reinhardt. Nevertheless, I wonder: somewhere in the hinterland of my mind lurks the thought that there is something American in this business, something of the frantic sensationalism that one associates with the idea of America's craving for excitement. If you asked the enthusiast fresh from the home of the fancy-dress ball what impressed him most in the "Œdipus," he would tell you at once that it was the crowd, the rushing, moaning, howling, arm-waving crowd of Thebans who performed in the gangway of the orchestra-stalls and the space bared by the removal of those seats close to the ordinary home of the orchestra. If he happened to be in the stalls, no doubt he did not see very much of the crowd, unless he had an inner seat, when he would often find members of the crowd within a hand's-length of him.

The Gangway. The scoffer may suggest that this gangway business was anticipated in "Sumurun," and even then no novelty. The cold-blooded, the fish-like person, unaffected by the darkening of the theatre, unmesmerised by the blatant limelights and by the mysterious sounds of new mechanical contrivances and employment of artful music, may ask rudely whether some of the novelties are not destructive of illusion, not inimical to belief in the drama hailed by critics as one of the world's masterpieces. I think they are. Whatever may be the right or wrong of

little distracting; all the time one was on the *qui vive*, wondering what was going to happen next off the stage. It was very difficult to concentrate one's interest upon a mass of things happening over so large a space as that between the front entrance to the stalls and the platform, almost flush with the proscenium arch, on which the principals were playing their part



ATTENDANTS ON JOCASTA: FIGURES FROM
"ŒDIPUS REX," AT COVENT GARDEN.

The Crowd. However, I am quite forgetting to do my little bit of raving over Reinhardt's "Œdipus," and omitting to mention how curious and interesting I found the skilful manœuvring of the crowd—the wonderfully rehearsed crowd. I have never seen anything like the effect when all the members of it, in little and big groups, dashed at extraordinary speed, with a startling patter of feet, up the platform to the big copper door of the palace, and then off again. What drilling they must have had! The rush of screaming women, after the death of Jocasta, also was very effective, and the "screams off" were excellent.

The Acting. The actual performance was, perhaps, a little disappointing, in part it may be because the efforts of the players were somewhat put in the shade by the work of the crowd—a point certainly not anticipated by Sophocles. If there had been a referendum to determine who should play Œdipus, I do not think that Mr. Martin Harvey, despite his great and well-deserved popularity as an actor whose triumphs have been in other provinces, would have been chosen. His Œdipus is a sincere performance, with some passages of real merit, but of insufficient power to cause the interest to concentrate itself on him and his drama. Moreover, his treatment of the verse was rather cruel: it came out as prose not easily understood. Finally, he seemed melodramatic rather than tragic, and the last scene, particularly the exit, with the speech appropriated by him from the chorus, was quite out of the true spirit. The Jocasta of Miss Lillah McCarthy was wholly admirable in speech as well as silent exhibition of emotion. Creon is a difficult part ably given by Mr. Louis Calvert, who rendered the verse excellently, but had an ease of style a little out of keeping with the work of the other players. As leader



"ŒDIPUS REX," AT COVENT GARDEN: THE KING AND THE CROWD OF SUPPLIANTS.

Another and very striking photograph of this incident forms our double-page illustration this week.

the matter, the Reinhardt novelties are a little hard upon the players, since they work the audience up to expect something prodigious in the drama and the acting. Now the drama is prodigious, and to this day I have a vivid recollection of it as presented eighteen years ago in French at Drury Lane. It seemed to me less prodigious the other night at Covent Garden. The affair was a

of the chorus, Mr. Hubert Carter, if a little violent at times in speech, was picturesque and effective. Mr. H. A. Saintsbury, the Teiresias, played some passages of a difficult part skilfully. Mr. Dansey, the Corinthian, if a little exuberant, acted very well. One of the best minor performances was that of Mr. Philip Hewland as the old shepherd.

THE RACE WHICH FORCED PIGTAILS UPON THE CHINESE.



1. SHOOTING WITH THE PARTICULAR WEAPON ON THE USE OF WHICH THE MANCHUS PRIDE THEMSELVES: A MANCHU GENTLEMAN WITH HIS BOW AND ARROW.
2. OF THE "RULING RACE," BUT A SERVANT: A MANCHU RETAINER TAKING ONE OF HIS MASTER'S FALCONS FOR AN AIRING.
3. SELF-ANNOUNCED AS A MEMBER OF THE IMPERIAL CLAN: A MANCHU PRIEST AS A MENDICANT FRIAR.
4. WHERE THE CHIEF OF WHAT MANY BELIEVE A DYING DYNASTY LIES: THE TOMB OF THE FOUNDER OF THE MANCHU RULE IN CHINA, AT MUKDEN.

5. WHERE A PRINCESS WAS BURIED ALIVE WITH HER HORSE-BOY LOVER BY ORDER OF HER FATHER: A MUCH-VISITED MANCHU TOMB ON THE BANKS OF THE GRAND CANAL, NEAR PEKING.
6. SHOWING THE HIGH "HEELS" IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SHOES: MANCHU WOMEN WALKING.
7. IN WINTER DRESS AND WITH THE HAT ONLY WORN OUT OF DOORS IN THAT SEASON: A MANCHU LADY.
8. IN SUMMER DRESS AND ABOUT TO PAY A VISIT: MANCHU LADIES.

The present rebellion in China, which looks like making that Empire a Republic, or, at all events, dividing it into a Republic and an Empire, is directed chiefly against the Manchu race, the conquerors of the Chinese. This, in particular, accounts for the fact that very many Chinese have cut off their pigtails, for these were signs of their servitude to the Manchus.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THE King's *Medina* laugh is famous; it has drowned King Edward's well-remembered outburst in the New Gallery. Not even Bergson, the philosopher of laughter, has made clear why the minor misfortunes of his fellows—or his subjects—are matter of mirth to every man or King, so be it he is human. King George laughed at the sailor who was sent sprawling on the deck; King Edward laughed almost beyond the limits of enjoyment when, at a Royal Private View, a fellow-creature slipped backwards into the little fountain in the central room.



MARRYING MISS MARCIA VIOLET DORMAN TO-DAY (24TH); CAPTAIN W. K. VENNING.

Captain Venning is in the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry.—[*Photograph by Swaine.*]

interesting details of the perilous adventures through which the Princess Royal, the Duke of Fife, and their daughters lately passed. In the first place, the health-bill of the party is wonderfully clean. Colds, at the least, would have seemed to be inevitable; but, having escaped the waves, one of the Princesses decided that she would also elude the consequences of a drenching. "It is absurd to spoil the joy of being rescued from death. I'm not going to give my thoughts to cold-cures and handkerchiefs at such a time," was the decision of one lady with youth on her side. And she won the day. The wild happiness of reprieve from what, at the moment

the host at the head of his table; and not the least pleasure conferred by these visitors is the feeling that they bring the possibility of a visit from the King and Queen much nearer than before—that they are the forerunners.



IN THE PIGEON-SHOOTING ENCLOSURE AT MONTE CARLO; THE DUKE OF MANCHESTER AND LORD FALCONER, ONLY SON OF THE EARL OF KINTORE.

Photograph by Navello.

"*Delhi*" From the banks of the tepid Nile have come letters telling many in-

After Half a Century.

The long interval that elapsed since the late King's visit, as Prince of Wales, to America—a visit that took average American Duchess was place before the born—remains one of the most curious instances of the capricious and unnatural! etiquette guiding the comings and goings of the great. The birthplace of many wives and mothers of our nobility, the starting-point of the tact and talents (in both



MARRYING CAPTAIN W. K. VENNING TO-DAY (24TH); MISS MARCIA VIOLET DORMAN.

Miss Dorman is the younger daughter of Surgeon General J. C. Dorman



THE ONLY CHILD OF THE LATE HENRY LABOUCHERE: THE MARCHESA DORA DI RUDINI.

The Marchesa's husband is a son of the Marquis di Rudini, formerly Prime Minister of Italy.—[*Photograph by Boissonnas and Taponier.*]

of the swamping of the boat, seemed probable is the emotion that has left the most vivid impression.

Disunited States of Mind. Emerson's "God said,

I am tired of Kings; I will suffer them no more," voices the intellectual attitude that made America, but quite belies an actual unquench-

went to Windsor, the father was bidden to Queen Victoria's table; the son to one at which a group of Ladies-in-Waiting awaited him. He only said, "I'm not going to sit among the servants."

The Choir Invisible. Lord Hamilton of Dalzell comes of a family that has thought seriously of Socialism. Such thoughts came to an abrupt end, he humorously explains, when land and money were found to be passing rapidly into the coffers of the creed. That the powers of the unknown favour hereditary right, Lord Hamilton has reason to believe. He heard his name called thrice while lying in his tent on the South African veldt, at the moment, as he afterwards discovered, of his father's death and his own succession.

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TO MARRY CAPTAIN NIGEL J. LIVINGSTONE LEARMOUTH TO-DAY (24TH); MISS EILA HARGREAVES.

Miss Hargreaves is a daughter of Mr. John Hargreaves, of Templecombe, Somerset. Captain Learmouth, of the 15th Hussars, is a son of Viscountess Portman.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

able mood of veneration. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught have but to bridge a division on the landscape (there is none in the language or aspect of the peoples) in order to confer an incalculable compliment upon a welcoming multitude. It matters nothing that the first avowed purpose of the visit to the United States was to dine with friends in New York; the man in the street is just as gratified as



CAPTAIN C. E. HARRISON, WHOSE WEDDING TO MISS ALICE WODEHOUSE WAS FIXED FOR THE 23RD.

Captain Harrison, of the Rifle Brigade, is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Harrison, of Shiplake Court, Oxon.

Photograph by Kate Fragnell.

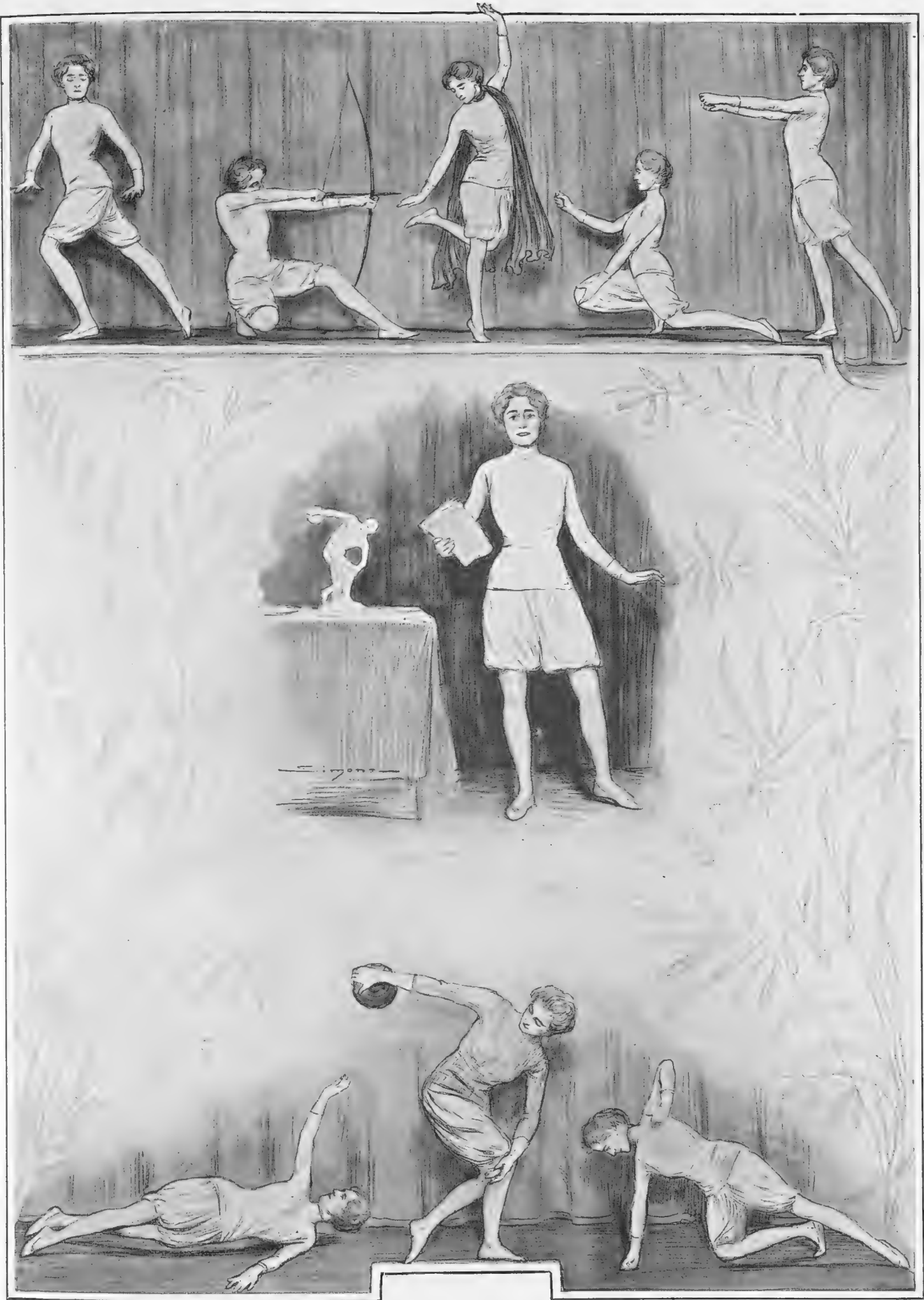


MISS ALICE WODEHOUSE, WHOSE WEDDING TO CAPTAIN C. E. HARRISON WAS FIXED FOR THE 23RD.

Miss Wodehouse is the daughter of Sir F. Wodehouse and Lady Wodehouse, of 108, Belgrave Road. The Brompton Oratory was chosen for the ceremony.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

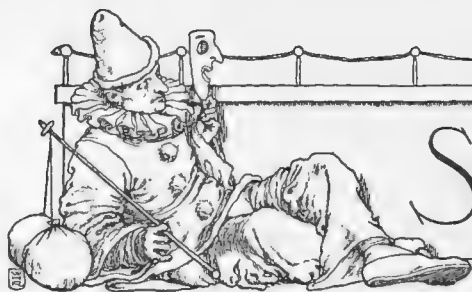
WATTS' WHAT! GREEK STATUES AS BEAUTY - BRINGERS.



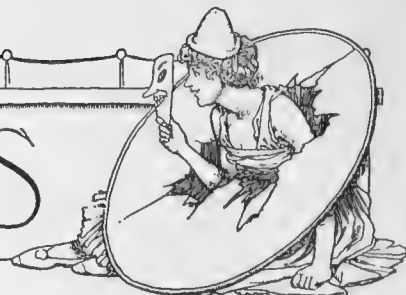
POSING IN ATTITUDES SEEN IN GREEK STATUARY TO RETAIN BEAUTY OF FORM:

MRS. ROGER WATTS EXPLAINING HER METHODS.

Mrs. Watts has been showing the Parisians a method by which she believes woman can ensure for herself perfect form. This consists of adopting the attitudes of figures in famous Greek statuary. For example, on this page Mrs. Watts is seen in the attitude of the famous Discobolus, or Quoit-thrower. Amongst the other poses adopted by those following her system of physical culture are those of the Marsyas of Myron, and the Archer of Ægina.



STAR TURNS



A COSTER COMEDIAN: MR. ALEC HURLEY.

AMONG the recognised coster comedians on the music-hall stage, Mr. Alec Hurley, who has recently returned to the inner ring of London houses after a long absence, occupies a conspicuous position. To this "line of business," to quote the usual professional phrase, he came at an early period in his career. He began with ambitions towards the delineation of Irish character, but soon found that his gifts were ill suited to that type, so he tried singing songs in evening dress, only to discard it to assume the supposedly picturesque, if admittedly unbeautiful, get-up of the coster *pur sang*.

At first, he had to overcome the opposition of his family, who had obtained a situation for him in the clerical department of the Docks. When that was accomplished, he got an engagement at a glorified hall adjoining a public-house in Portsmouth. It was called the "Casino," and, according to the terms of his contract, he had to sing as often as was required during the evening. For this he was given his board and lodging and ten shillings a week. The hours of performance were never settled. Sometimes a ship would arrive, and the sailors, going ashore, would enter the Casino in a body. At once the proprietor would rush off to the pianist and Mr. Hurley, and set them playing and singing to amuse the men until they left. When Portsmouth offered no further engagements Mr. Hurley packed his trunk, put it on his shoulder, and carried it to the station in order to save the pence he would have had to pay a porter, and when he reached London he again shouldered it home.

Then he haunted "Poverty Corner," as the junction of the Waterloo Bridge Road and York Road used to be called, for it was the haunt of the less-known members of the music-hall and theatrical community out of an engagement and hoping to get one. The proprietors of the smaller halls used to frequent the corner to find out who was disengaged, and in their turn were besieged by the members of the out-of-work community begging for an "extra turn." As an "extra turn" at the Middlesex Music Hall on a Saturday night Mr. Hurley used often to earn his only half-guinea for the week, and he considered himself fortunate if he was able to supplement it by singing on one of the other nights at a concert.

One Saturday he was engaged as an extra turn at the Parthenon Music Hall at Greenwich. Not unnaturally, he had no rehearsal for his songs, and the band was not of the best. When he made his appearance the drummer was making so many flourishes with the stick that Mr. Hurley thought he was the conductor. Further, he banged the drum with such enthusiasm—perhaps because it was Saturday night—that Mr. Hurley could hardly hear himself speak, much less sing. The audience certainly could not hear a word, and it amused itself by enjoining the young artist to "get off." Mr. Hurley got off. In the wings he met the manager, who thought he was doing a very generous thing by giving Mr. Hurley half-a-crown instead of the salary agreed upon, to see him back to London. Back to London he trudged that night with his basket.

At length he succeeded in getting an engagement at the Star Music Hall, Bermondsey. The first night the audience hissed him

off the stage. The proprietor thought of dismissing him there and then, but eventually agreed to allow him to appear the following evening. At that performance he was applauded as lustily as he was hissed the previous night, though he sang the same songs. The result of that success installed him as a full-grown professional singer, with a brougham, for he found himself with three engagements—at Gatti's, in the Westminster Bridge Road, and the Marylebone, in addition to the one at Bermondsey. The first night, as he rode in unaccustomed style, if not splendour, he realised the truth of Wolsey's famous line, "His high-blown pride broke



THE PRODUCER OF THE MOMENT: PROFESSOR MAX REINHARDT—HIMSELF, AND IN MAKE-UP.

Photographs by Hertung.

under him." The horse ran away with the shafts, and left the brougham standing in the middle of the road. He had to take a cab to get to the first hall, where he arrived late for his turn. Then, as he had no money to pay the cab, and found, to his dismay, that the manager would not lend him any, he had to engage the cab for the whole evening, for he knew that when he reached Bermondsey he could get what money he needed.

His first big engagement was at the Princess's Theatre, in a production of "After Dark," where, with Miss Harriet Vernon, Mr. George Robey, and the late Bessie Bonehill, he appeared in the music-hall scene. His first really big hit was with a song, "I ain't a-going to tell," which he sang with such *éclat* that, although only engaged for two weeks at the Metropolitan, he remained there four months, singing that and "The Coster's Sister."

Although it is some sixteen years since "I ain't a-going to tell" set all London and the provinces singing it—for it figured in its year in every pantomime throughout the country—it still remains the finest song Mr. Hurley has ever had. Other conspicuous items in his repertoire, however, have been "She wore a little bonnet," "She ain't no airy, fairy, 'igh-born lady," "My Old Barrer," and "I ain't nobody in particular." During his career he has visited South Africa, Australia, and the United States, where the pleasantest memories are still retained of his efforts to amuse the public.

On one occasion Mr. Hurley met the late Sir Henry Irving, of whose characteristic kindness he has a lively recollection. Sir Henry and his company were crossing from Dublin to Liverpool, whither Mr. Hurley, who also had been appearing in the former city, where he is a very great favourite, was bound. In the course of conversation with Sir Henry's manager, Mr. Hurley criticised the time occupied in the journey, for, he said, he could not arrive until eight o'clock in the evening. "We arrive at three," said the manager, explaining, in answer to Mr. Hurley's question, that a special train would be waiting at Holyhead to take the company to Liverpool. He suggested that Mr. Hurley should ask Sir Henry to let him travel on the train, but as Mr. Hurley did not know the great actor he demurred. Without saying anything further, the manager went to Sir Henry and made the suggestion. Thereupon Sir Henry sent for Mr. Hurley and invited him to use his train. Desiring to mark his appreciation of the courtesy, Mr. Hurley offered Sir Henry a cigar, which was accepted with the characteristic statement of "I have a liking for cigars." That was Mr. Hurley's first meeting with Sir Henry, for whom he had a great admiration and whom he saw frequently on the stage, for he always had a partiality for seeing fine acting. Occasionally, he acts himself in characteristic sketches, among the best known being "The Friendly Lead," "The Coster's Beano," and "Cockneys in Japan."



A VENTRILOQUIST OF MUCH HUMOUR: MR. SIDNEY GANDY, WITH HIS FAMOUS FIGURE, EBENEZER TWIDDLEPUMP.

Mr. Gandy, who is very well known as a Society entertainer, is seen also at many public functions. He was a great success at the Mansion House on the occasion of the Children's Fancy Dress Ball, and was quite as much appreciated by the grown-ups as he was by the youngsters.

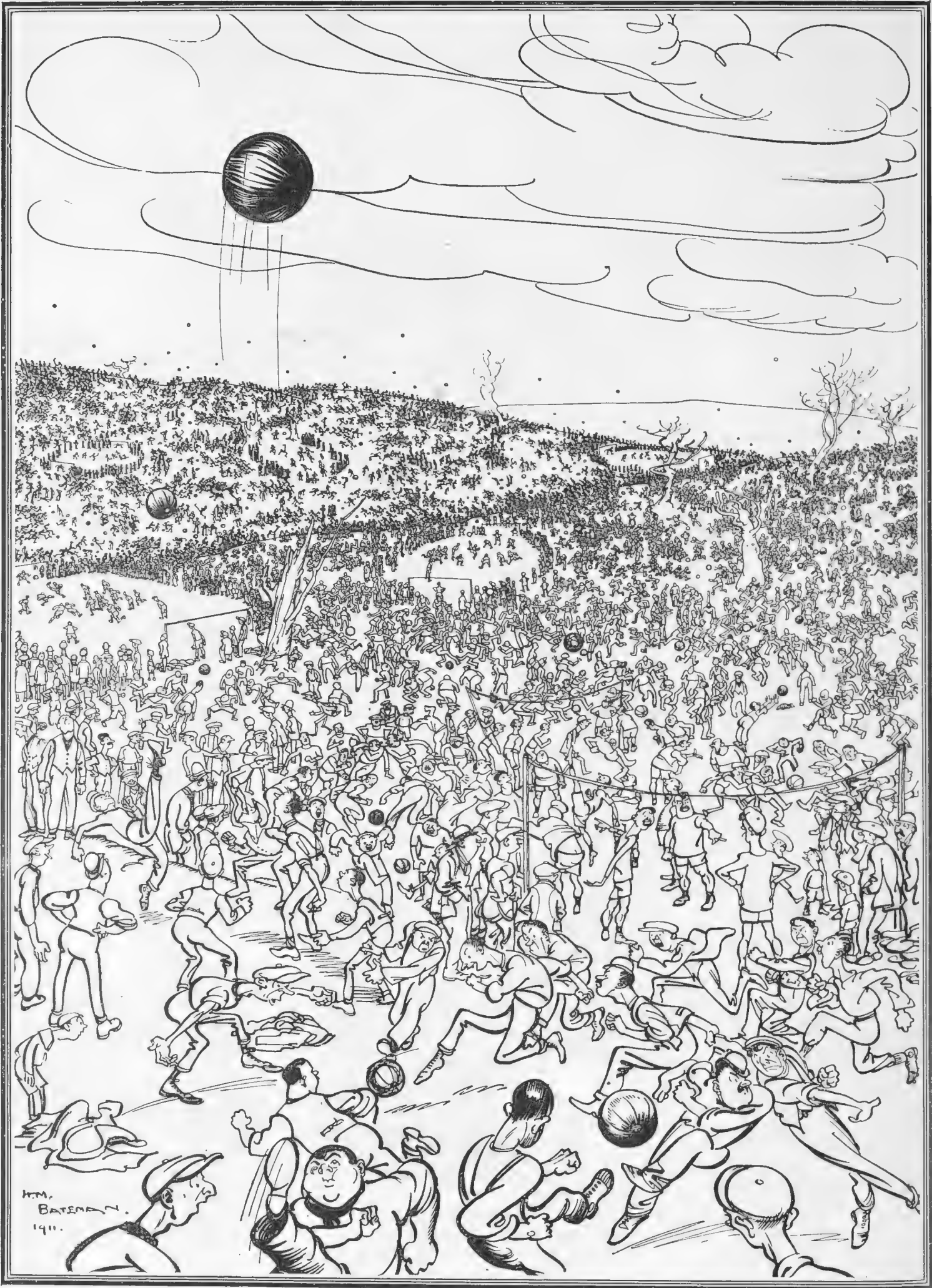
WITH FAR - FAMED SONG : " GABOR SZABO."



SINGING THE "BLUE DANUBE" WALTZ SONG IN "NEW AGE PRISON" DRESS: MR. MAURICE FARKOA
IN "NIGHTBIRDS," AT THE LYRIC.

Mr. Maurice Farkoa makes a most pleasing figure in "Nightbirds," in which he is the passionate Hungarian; and, of course, sings delightfully. To him falls the "Blue Danube" Waltz Song which is so popular a feature of the piece. He is here seen in the dress worn by the "guests" in the "New Age Prison," with very ornamental and by no means broad arrows.

CONGESTION OF THE LUNG.



AN OPEN SPACE!

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

ALARMING SACRIFICE.



THE FIRST BURGLAR (*contemplating Father's Invention*): Wot abaht the bloomin' burglar alarm?

THE SECOND BURGLAR: May as well put it in the bag; we can get somethin' for the bells, p'raps.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.



THE GEORGIAN UNDERGRADUATE.*

MR. HAMILTON GIBBS has made a collection of Rowlandson's water-colour drawings of Oxford. He has had them reproduced by modern facsimile process, so that for the first time the harmonies of line which Rowlandson loved sufficiently to express in these beautiful studies are now given to the public free of the engraver's meddling. And Mr. Hamilton Gibbs, himself just two years down from St. John's, has written a word-picture round them of the Oxford of two hundred years ago.

For though he modestly claims to have attempted nothing but a frame to these sixteen plates, he has actually achieved something better than the work of a mere craftsman. He has opened the Gothic doors of these old colleges and drawn us through; behind these charmingly drawn Tudor windows he has aroused an echo of ancient revelry as "bucks of the first head" drank to the toast on their knees—drank to every letter of her name, and no heel-taps.

"Buck of the first head," and sometimes "smart," were the names then in vogue for the "heavy blood" of our own Varsity times. Mr. Gibbs does not think him changed in essentials. "Our trousseau, when we first appear at the University, consists of modest socks and humble waistcoats, and ties which make no claim to originality or even to smartness. . . . But does not every parent learn subsequently, with dreadful results to his peace of mind, how after our first month we make our way unerringly to the tailors and clothiers, and there with deadly earnestness absorb colour-schemes which cry a loud challenge to Joseph's coat? Our waistcoats are dreams—sometimes nightmares; the blending of harmony between shirt, tie, and socks is as perfect as the rainbow. Our hair, which used to be parted carelessly down one side, now disdains parting, and goes straight back in one beautiful Magdalen sweep. Our trousers are thrown at the scout's head as a gift, unless they be of unparalleled width and of exceptional crease."

And so, two hundred years ago, "the sons of county farmers came trooping into Oxford, their clouted shoes thick with good red earth, in linsey-woolsey coats, with greasy, uncombed heads of hair flapping in the wind. . . . After a few weeks these shamefaced clodhoppers sneaked into the side door of the barbers' shops, to emerge, proudly by the front entrance in a bob-wig. Their clouted shoes were relegated to young brothers, and they wore new ones—Oxford cut." He was distinguished, the buck of the first head (and the authority is a contemporary satirist, much quoted by Mr. Gibbs), "by a stiff silk gown which rustles in the wind as he struts along; a flaxen tie-wig, or sometimes a long, natural one which reaches down below his rump; a broad, bully cocked hat, or a square cap of above twice the usual size; white stockings, thin Spanish-leather shoes; his cloaths lined with tawdry silk; and his shirts ruffled down the

bosom as well as at the wrists. Besides all which marks, he has a delicate jaunt in his gait, and smells philosophically of essence." A sad falling-off in some of these details is imposed on his descendant, but the "delicate jaunt in the gait has been retained—the result being caused now by a union of 'Eton slouch' and 'Oxford manner.' And the head still smells of essence—honey and flowers at Hatt's, brilliantine at Martyr's."

The "buck" and the "blood" think identically, too, on the matter of killing time. The eighteenth-century method is neatly described in a rhyme of the period. Between coffee-house and tavern he totes all the night as he trifles all day—

While Low, Locke, and Newton, and all the rum
race
That talk of their Modes, their ellipses, and space,
The Seat of the Soul and new Systems on High,
In Halls as abstruse as their mysteries lie.

And the modern slacker is not very different, Mr. Gibbs thinks, nor the result. "Our lunches at the Cherwell Hotel, at the riverside inns at Iffley and Abingdon; our Grinds; our slacking on the river in summer term—all these were done two centuries ago. . . . In place of the musical-comedy lady, whose silvery laughter floats down wind to-day, the Oxford toasts flaunted it right merrily in the old days. The Gownsmen's tobacco-accounts then amounted to quite as much as ours do, and they wrote home for further supplies of pocket-money in almost the identical terms which we use to-day."

Another point of honour common to the Undergraduate then, as now, is the importance of his virility. "No character is more jealous of the Dignity of Man," remarked an eighteenth-century writer. And this early Lord of Creation, going up at the age of fifteen or sixteen, never mentioned his associates without giving them their title of Man. Yes, clearly the Undergraduate goes on for ever; is he not youth eternal, and eternally attractive?

It is the Dons that have changed and their Discipline, obviously for the best. We are not permitted the jokes of the old college magazines, for "they would be unprintable in the most yellow of sporting papers," but there are specimens given of their literature, full of the "classical allusions and subtle parallels" of those bucks who would sooner have died than be caught reading. Rowlandson's spirited picture of a duck hunt accompanies some pleasant chapters on sport. "It would be impossible to live in Oxford without exercise," and Mr. Gibbs thinks that phrase of "muddled oafs and flannelled fools" the only mistake that Kipling ever made.

The great names of Fox, of Samuel Johnson, of Gibbon and Wesley, belong to these two centuries and to the Oxford

of Rowlandson. Wesley was a servitor, and that ancient order is fully explained, with Ruskin Hall, its comparatively undistinguished modern equivalent. Of all her sons Gibbon is the only one who disclaims any love for Oxford. He remains the remarkable, abnormal exception. Mr. Gibbs, one of her youngest, has paid her a pretty tribute.



"A 'VARSITY TRICK'—SMUGGLING IN."

Reproduced from the Coloured Rowlandson Drawing in "Rowlandson's Oxford," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner, and Co.

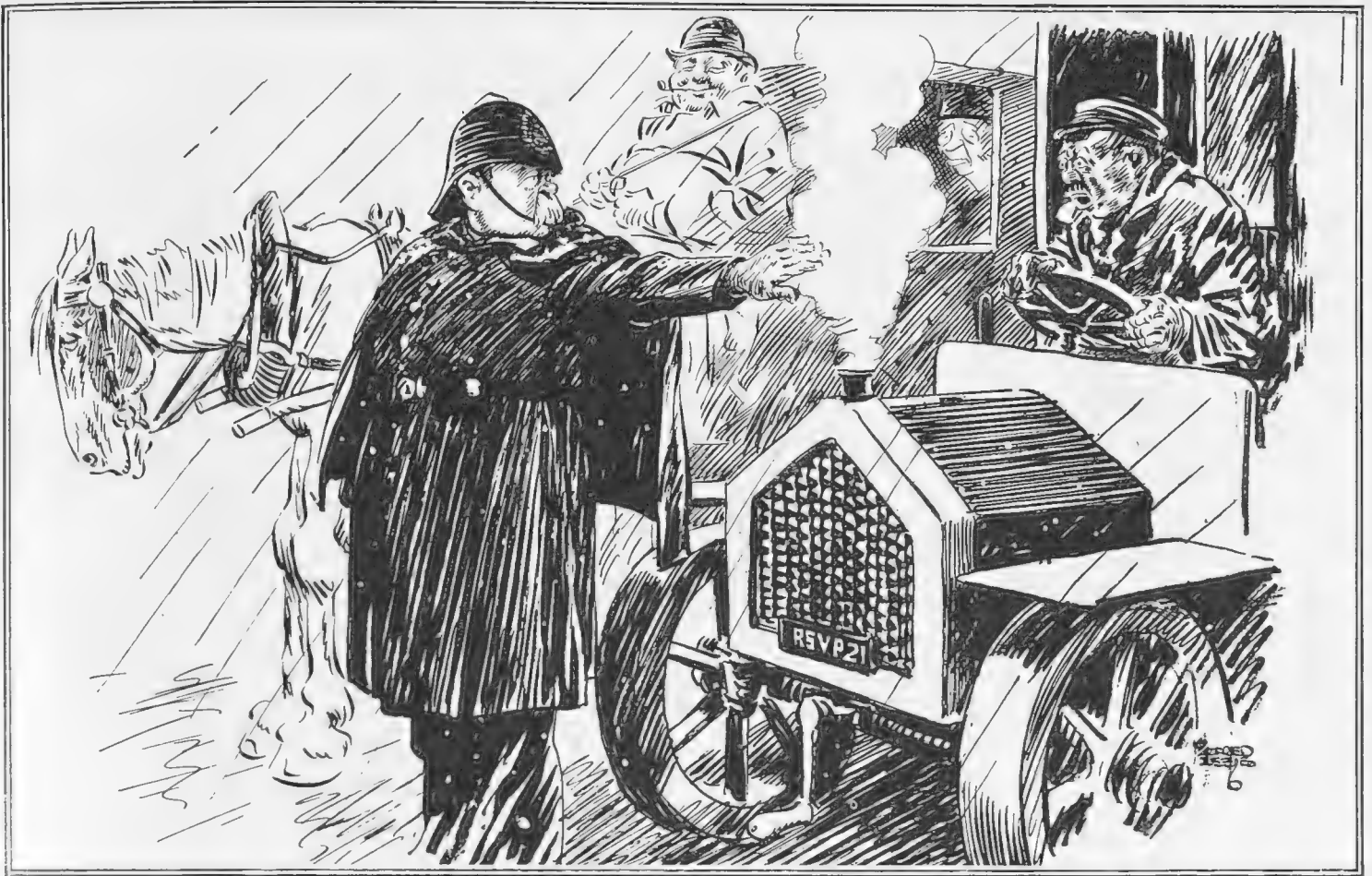


"BUCKS OF THE FIRST HEAD."

Reproduced from the Coloured Rowlandson Drawing in "Rowlandson's Oxford," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner, and Co.

* "Rowlandson's Oxford," By A. Hamilton Gibbs. (Kegan Paul, ros. 6d. net.)

TRAFFIC QUESTIONS.



THE IRATE 'BUS-DRIVER (annoyed at being held up): Yus, only stopped my bloomin' 'bus to warm yer-'ands, didn't yer?



THE CONDUCTOR OF THE OLD KENT ROAD TRAM: 'Ere, which o' you two's the Elephant?—'cause she's got to get out next stop.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE RETURN OF EZRA MARLY.

By JESSIE LECKIE HERBERTSON.

THERE was excitement in Polwhinnick when Joseph Marly received a letter from foreign parts with five stamps upon it. Amos Cobeldick, who was a philatelist, when he heard of it, said to himself, "After sundown I'll be calling in on Joseph. Dessay him will let I have a glimpse of en at leisure. Mayhap us'll come to a bit of bargaining."

He climbed the hill-path to Joseph's cottage with an enterprising air.

Joseph Marly was in his back-garden, pinching chrysanthemums. He said as he turned the blue of a cold eye on Amos, "Them there slugs do be werry distressing; a mort of money I'll be losing over en, I do misdoubt me." Then he retired some distance from the chrysanthemum-bed and straightened his back; and as he did so the edge of a foreign-looking envelope, which his stooping had projected, disappeared from Amos's enraptured view.

That heartened Amos. "'Tain't every day as us do be getting in Polwhinnick letters of such an inviting pattern," said he, "as that as did 'pear a moment ago from the pocket o' your coat, Joe. . . . I do hope as the news in en do be pleasing."

Joseph Marly regarded the open countenance of Amos with considerable mistrust. Then he said, in a casual tone, "P'raps you do refer to this here little note," and drew the letter forth in a very abandonment of reckless carelessness.

After twenty seconds' ecstatic contemplation on the part of Amos, Joseph drew the treasure away, and, with sudden solemnity, returned it whence it came.

"California, I sees," said Amos then, ingratiatingly; and added on the heels of a brilliant inspiration, "There were a uncle o' yours, I 'pear to recollect, as went out to Californy, or some such place, backalong."

Joseph Marly answered, "There were. I were named arter he: Ezra Joseph Marly. But Joseph were always my name, so as us shouldn't be confosed." He gazed before him with an abstracted air.

Amos Cobeldick recollected suddenly that he had heard of other—sinister—reasons for the change of nomenclature: he had heard that the until now mythical uncle, Ezra Marly, who had decamped to California thirty years ago, had departed with some secrecy and no inconsiderable haste. He stared abashed upon the secretive countenance of Joseph.

Joseph Marly felt his look, it pierced down to his very marrow. He drew a deep breath. He said: "The man as writ that letter—Ezra Marly—are a-coming home to England, to Polwhinnick, as quick as him do know how. Him's sick and tired of Californy and en's heathenish ways. Him's bent on settling down."

He reclaimed the wayward letter, and took from its envelope a closely written sheet. He began to read aloud in a solemn and warning tone—

Blood, my dear nephew, is thicker than water. Many a time have I said it to myself in times past. I says to myself I'm in a land of strangers. I says to Polwhinnick I will return, to my nex' of kin—to Ezra Joseph Marly, my name-child as I love.

Amos Cobeldick said, in a hollow tone, "A werry proper sentiment, and one as do do him credit. A power of langwidge him do have!"

"I misremembers as that weren't uncommon with us Marlys," Joseph replied. "I reads as him do purpose a-coming in the *Angelo* as be due in Plymouth about this time. S'pose you ain't heard naught of she?"

Amos Cobeldick bridled under the note of superiority. "I was hearing of she this werry morn, as a matter of fac'," said he. "Henry Poldew, to Post Office, were a-telling I as Mrs. Tonkin ain't had her letter from her Joe this week. The *Casabianca*, as do bring the mails, be quarantined; and the *Angelo*, as started three days arter she, do come in to-morrow arternoon, near enough."

Joseph Marly nodded musingly. "More haste, less speed," said he grimly. "Dessay my uncle Ezra, when him do hear on en, will be powerful glad him weren't travelling by that there *Casabianca*." He mused further; after a long and anxious pause he added—"I ain't saying as I will, and I ain't saying as I won't; but dessay,

all being well, I'll be travelling to Plymouth come morn to meet he. . . . Of course, en will cost a mort of money and all; and, as you do know, Amos, I be a pore man. But blood be thicker nor water, and I ain't seed Plymouth afore."

"'Tis werry true," said Amos. "First impressions, beside, do be a matter of moment with some folkse; and a little 'tention in the beginning do go a long way in the end. Dessay this here Ezra Marly be, like amany of them as has travelled in foreign parts and found em tull of emptiness, just a-coming home for to die. . . . But I'd best not be lingering, a-wasting your valuable time." He hastened away, agog with the great news.

When he was gone Joseph Marly abandoned the chrysanthemum-bed. He went into his cottage and filled his pipe, and sat down to turn over Amos Cobeldick's axiom in a shrewd brain. "There be glimmerings of wisdom in Amos, times," he thought.

Later he made a descent into the village, and in the Goat and Compasses consulted time-tables with a consequential air. He laboured at them for twenty minutes, and at the end of that time he made various cabalistic entries in an ancient pocket-book.

When Seth Postlethwaite approached him and said, "I hears as Ezra Marly be now a man of wealth and standing," he nodded; and replied casually, "Dessay. Them things do leak out; there ain't no holding en."

"Him'll be a big man in Polwhinnick," said Seth; "I misremembers he when us was lads together; dessay him'll recollect Seth Postlethwaite, if you do recall I to he."

Over a hitched shoulder Joseph replied, "I ain't so sure."

He lay awake far into the night counting over in imagination again and again the coins that lay hidden in a snug corner of the wooden chest at the foot of his bed. It was like tearing the heart out of himself to part with one, even in thought. Yet, if he went to Plymouth to-morrow, he must dip considerably into the secret hoard!

In the end, he climbed out of bed and unlocked the chest that contained the savings of years. He found the fare to Plymouth, and a florin for emergencies. For a moment he hesitated between the florin and a half-crown. Then he said to himself, "A fool and his money be easily parted," and the warning saw had a salutary effect.

But the fates had decided that Joseph Marly was not yet to see Plymouth. About mid-morning, as he hastened down to catch the 'bus at the Goat and Compasses, he saw a little company, preceded by Seth Postlethwaite with an open newspaper in his hand, climbing the hill-path to his own cottage with an air of funereal gloom.

These halted with one accord at the sight of Joseph; and Joseph, although pressed for time, halted too. It was Seth Postlethwaite who addressed him. "Heard the news?" asked he, in a sepulchral voice. He thrust the newspaper towards Joseph. The little company grouped itself about him. "Read en," said Seth Postlethwaite, and pointed to a thumb-marked paragraph.

Joseph Marly read.

Behind him, Sol Medlicott murmured professionally. "The ways of Providence be past finding out. . . . O' course, the berrying will be in Polwhinnick."

An ecstatic sigh went up about him.

"This are a crool blow," said Joseph. He stared at the paper in his hands. In it was an account of an accident that had happened to a passenger landing at Plymouth the night before from the liner *Angelo*, which had come in before her time. The passenger's name was Ezra Marly. The dead man left no papers establishing his identity; but he had booked as "Ezra Marly," and had travelled first class, despite the fact that, upon search, it was found that he had but little money upon him. Of personal effects he had had no more than the clothes he had worn and such necessaries as he had purchased on board.

Joseph Marly gazed upon the little group; it awaited further comment.

Seth Postlethwaite said venturesomely, "S'pose you'll claim the body and give en a decent berrying?"

[Continued overleaf.]

NOT AS WOMAN DOES IT.

(1) JUST THE HAT FOR YOU, SIR!

(2) HERE YOU HAVE DISTINCTION
IN COLLARS, SIR!



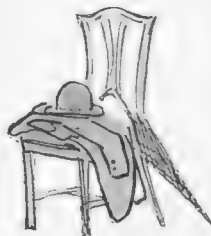
(3) AH! A SWEET BIT OF
FOOTWEAR, SIR,
YOUR SIZE EXACTLY!



(4) YOU'LL JUST REVEL IN THIS
COAT, SIR!



ROBINSON
ON
THE WEDDING MORN.



Frank
Reynolds

ROBINSON GOES SHOPPING; BEING THE STORY OF THE MEEK MAN AND THE TOO OPTIMISTIC TRADESMEN.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

Amos Cobeldick murmured, "Us ain't had what you might call a big berrying in Polwhinnick for amany a long day."

The words reached Joseph—they were intended to reach him. He said fiercely, "I ain't saying what I intend to do. I asks you all to rec'lect as I are a pore man and also one as has suffered a gurt loss." He turned on his heel and went back the way he had come.

He spent the remainder of the day wrestling with anxious thought, alternately consulting the meagre account of Ezra Marly's death and a dirty slip of paper on which a complicated calculation was set out. His boasts of Ezra's letter and the few enlightening details concerning the worldly position of the passenger on the *Angelo* were distinctly at odds.

He was still in the throes of uncertainty as to the position he should take up, when Sol Medicott, with the intrepidity of determined enterprise, invaded his privacy. He said, as he drew up his chair in a professional manner and seated himself heavily upon it without invitation, "Now s'pose you leaves en all to I. A better man for this job you couldn't find in a day's march. . . . Of course, 'tis a heavy blow to you—'ee can't stand up nohow. . . . S'pose you'll be wanting a handsome berrying and all?"

Joseph Marly said in a loud and firm voice, "No, I ain't. I be a pore man, and plain; I ask you to rec'lect."

Sol Medicott rubbed his hands together. He appeared to dote upon vistas of happy possibilities. He said, ruminating pacifically, "Now, I dessay, with care and bargaining, I could be getting the corpse from Plymouth to Polwhinnick and buried in elm of the fust quality, wi' a good finish, for a matter of—five pound, and dirt cheap at that, to oblige a friend." He fixed a very steady eye on Joseph.

Joseph came out of a maze. - After a long pause he said, "'Tis a big matter. I'll be thinking on en, Mr. Medicott, and come morn—"

"You'll not get en done cheaper, nowhere," said Sol Medicott pityingly.

"I'd not like to be saying that," Joseph replied.

He slept ill that night, counting the cost of his position: he saw that he must bury Ezra Marly come what might. In the early morning, ere he set out for his shepherding, he called on Sol Medicott, "Make en three-fifteen," said he, "and I'll be paying you on the spot."

Sol Medicott made it three-fifteen. "There ain't no time to lose," said he in a husky excitement which Joseph did not share, "I'll be getting to work to wonst."

Joseph counted out the coins upon the table.

"I'll see as you gets your money's-worth," said Sol, his joy somewhat damped. "You'll be chief mourner, o' course?"

Joseph Marly wavered. Then suddenly, at the sight of his hard-earned gold so cruelly and fruitlessly wrung from him, his last concession to the decencies fled. "Danged," said he, with outraged emphasis, "if I do!"

He bolted himself into his cottage and drew down the blinds to shut out all intruders on the eventful day. When Sol, resplendent in a new weeper, came to remonstrate with him, he would not see him.

"'Twill be a crying scandal in the place," Sol shouted through the keyhole desperately.

"That ain't worriting I," Ezra replied. . . .

There was an interested onlooker watching the little procession go straggling by from

Medlicott's on its way past the Goat and Compasses: that was one Ezra Marly himself. He was chatting in the parlour with Sam Pascoe's daughter, who was serving him. While the big stranger questioned her as to the day's happenings, he took deep draughts from the tankard before him, laughing all the time deep down in his throat. "Now, who *be* he?" wondered she.

Joseph Marly did not see the stranger climb the hill. He opened belligerently to his continuous knocking. "Who be you?" asked he.

Ezra Marly took the door from his nephew's grasp and closed it upon the outside world. "I be Ezra Marly hisself," said he. He went forward and drew up the blind. Then he looked about for a seat big enough to support his great bulk.

Joseph Marly stared at him. "I berried you to-day for three-pound-fifteen," said he. "A mort of money for a pore man—if so be as you *be* Ezra Marly." There was bitter resentment and scorn in his tone.

Ezra Marly slapped his thigh. "That's right enough, so far as it goes," he answered. "I'm buried and I ain't. That Ezra Marly of the *Angelo* ain't me, bless your heart, but Dan Peters. Dan Peters was my partner, till we fell out. I did him before he'd time to do me, that's all. . . . He heard I'd took passage in the *Angelo*, to sail in four days; then he heard as I'd given him the slip with the *Casabianca*. So him ups and comes over in *my* name, in *my* berth, after me." He took a pipe from his pocket and filled it, the while he stared at his nephew musingly. "'Twas a good thing for him as I got away first. He was a small man, 'bout your size—I'd have hurted him some."

Joseph Marly said nothing, but he was thinking hard and fast.

Ezra Marly strolled to the window. "They be a-coming back from the burying of Ezra Marly," said he. "There ain't any chief mourner, but that don't worry me. . . . I ain't blaming you for burying Dan—and for three-pound-fifteen. Dan would 'a' been grateful; he was like that, was Dan—grateful for nothing. . . . Dessay you'd 'a' buried him anyway when you knew he was a pal of your Uncle Ezra's—same as you was burying me. . . . I ain't sorry as I be buried. I've knocked about a bit since I left Polwhinnick, and Dan Peters ain't the only one as I was dodging. I'll be glad to lie by a bit. . . . There be a face there familiar-like, with looks of Seth Postlethwaite about it. He won't be knowing me—with a beard and all. They was telling me up at the Goat and Compasses that Seth's wanting to sell the Valley Farm. I've made a bit. I be thinking of settling down in

Polwhinnick. I was always partial to Seth's place, and if he's wanting to sell—"

He began to name the faces of the mourners as they went by. "There ain't one of them that won't be happier to meet Dan Peters instead of Ezra Marly," said he.

Suddenly he threw down four gold pieces upon the table with a great laugh. "I ain't begrudging Dan three-pound-fifteen, after all, being a pal," said he. But they've buried a shorter Ezra Marly than I was." There was a sting in the thought. He turned on his heel and went striding away up the pathway.

Joseph Marly watched him go. He shook his fist, with the four golden coins doubled into it, at the retreating form. "I'll thank 'ee to remember as Ezra Marly be dead and berried, Mister," he called after him.

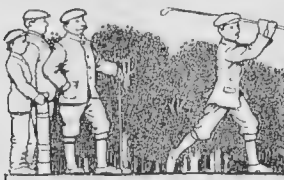
Ezra Marly, half turning, replied over a hitched shoulder, "I'm glad of it—nevvv."

THE END.



THE SCOUT (turning round, to see the footprints of himself and ally): By gum, 'Orace, we're being followed!

DRAWN BY HESKETH DAUBENY.



ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

The Ladies' Golf Season.

Circumstances seem to make it almost inevitable in these days that the man golfer, with all his selfishness, exclusiveness, and his general indifference to everything that does not directly affect his own game—as some people say—should take some kind of interest in the ladies' game, and there are numerous signs that this interest is increasing. We begin to know all the little peculiarities



CROSS-LEGGED IN TRULY PROFESSIONAL STYLE:
CADDIES LEARNING TAILORING.

of the leading players, and to speculate upon the possible and probable results of the chief competitions. And the shortest contemplation leads one to the conclusion that the ladies are now in for the most interesting and successful season that they have ever had. This season of theirs always seems to me to depend rather more on the success of its competitions than the men's season does. Adapting to my own purposes a couple of lines which both ladies and gentlemen may have heard before, I might suggest that, while competitions are a thing apart from the lives of most golfing men, they are indeed the whole existence of a very large proportion of the golfing ladies. True, a big percentage of the girls appear to be meandering all the time down among the handicaps from twenty to thirty, and never seem to get out of that quarter; but even so, they have competitions of a special character provided for them, and they are made to feel that they are really golfers of some importance, after all. They are officially registered, handicapped, and all the rest of it. Hence, these competitions of theirs are very important things to them all, and the competitions of 1912 are to be more numerous and of better interest than ever before, and they contain some novelties. They may not be novelties of the kind that men golfers would like; but, then, men are not women—and that settles it.

A Parliamentary Handicap.

The idea of the Ladies' Parliamentary Handicap tickles my fancy. The nucleus of it was that, as all the people in the Houses of Lords and Commons have a golf handicap of their own, from which they derive much enjoyment, why should their womenkind not have one likewise, since a lady who is related to a Member of Parliament may quite well be understood to have a special association with the famous institution at Westminster? The original plan, I believe, was that only the wives of M.P.s were to be allowed to take part in the Ladies' Parliamentary Handicap; but, then, all M.P.s have not got wives, and some have very important relatives besides wives. Therefore, their mothers and daughters are to be allowed to compete also; and the promoters have shown themselves to be broad-minded by throwing open the contest to ladies who have the requisite relationship to gentlemen who may not be M.P.s now, but have been some time during the last ten years. The entries are to close on March 1. Then there is this new National County Golf Alliance, as it is called, fixing up an English championship of

its own. In ladies' golf there has hitherto been every conceivable kind of championship but one, and that has been a purely English championship, restricted not to Britishers, but to English players. Now the new Alliance has determined on an English ladies' championship, and I must confess to some curiosity as to what will be the result, especially as the event is fixed to take place on the Prince's course at Sandwich, which is, to my mind, the most difficult course—in a fair sort of way—in the whole country. This affair is to be brought off on April 15, and I observe that the officials of the Alliance have settled the difficult question of qualification by requiring English parentage or five years' residence in the country. I hope the Alliance will not mind my saying that for an English championship the qualification should have been exceedingly severe. The Irish, Scotch, and Welsh will be qualified in large numbers for this competition as it is, and what I want to know is whether five years' residence in Kensington or Bayswater converts an Egyptian dancer or a black-eyed Spanish beauty into such a bright English lass as Sir William Gilbert used to write such nice lyrics about. However, I suppose this is none of my business.

A Very Thorough Competition.

The Ladies' Open Championship is to take place at Turnberry, than which there could be no better or more interesting place for it; the Irish ladies will have their own particular event at Portsalon, and the Scottish ladies theirs at Lossiemouth. But not less interesting than any other event, differing from all of them in its system, and better in its thoroughness, will be the tournament for prizes worth £200 given by the proprietors of the *Lady's Pictorial*. This competition was a great success last year, and it will be again under the auspices of the L.G.U. and managed by that most capable lady, Mrs. Willock-Pollen, while the finals are to be played at Stoke Poges about the end of June. There will be three divisions—one for scratch players, another for those with handicaps of from one to twelve, and a third for players handicapped from thirteen to twenty-five. There are to be eight qualifying competitions in different parts of the kingdom, and two players are to qualify in each of the three divisions in each district for the final stages. As they are so fond of competitions, the ladies are truly fortunate in those that they have had provided for them. Meantime it is to be noted that the



RECTIFYING A MIS-
TAKE: INSTRU-
CTOR AND PUPIL.



BOOT AND SHOE-MAKING: CADDIES AT WORK.

AILING THE CADDIE: THE BIRKDALE CLUB'S METHOD.

It will be remembered that in our last issue we showed how the members of the Hanger Hill Golf Club are having their caddies taught farm-work and gardening. We now give photographs illustrating the methods adopted by the Birkdale Golf Club. A few years ago the members of this club organised the Birkdale Golf Caddies' Association Recreation Club and Technical School. The caddies are taught tailoring and boot and shoe making; and many of the lads now wear shoes and clothes of their own make. For recreation, they have billiards, draughts, and other indoor games.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]

annual meeting of the Ladies' Golf Union is to be held on Feb. 27, when the records of another great year of progress, under the splendid secretaryship and management of Mrs. Miller, will be displayed



SIR HENRY SETON-KARR, in tracking Mr. Chesterton to the platform, once more proves himself an intrepid big-game hunter, and it is hardly surprising that two Dukes (of Sutherland and Portland) with an eye for a sporting event and a Field-



FAR FROM THE MADDING—CLAUDE! MR. LLOYD GEORGE SUNNING HIMSELF ON THE TERRACE OF LA DRAGONNIÈRE, AT MONTE CARLO.

The villa was lent to the Chancellor of the Exchequer by Sir Harold Harmsworth. With Mr. Lloyd George, in the photograph, are Sir Rufus Isaacs, the Master of Elibank, and Captain the Hon. Arthur Murray.—[Photograph by Navello.]

Marshal figure among the patrons of a sensational debate. But less comprehensible is the interest—the genuine interest—of the American women of London in lectures and lecturers. In Scranton, Pa., in Buffalo, N.Y., or in Toledo, O., the lecturer has a mission. He bears news from the remote world of intellect. But in London he has not the same significance. Nevertheless, the Duchess of Marlborough, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, Mrs. William Phillips, and many more important London hostesses are lending their drawing-rooms, and perhaps their ears, to a new series of addresses. At Sunderland House, on Feb. 22, Mr. Gosse is to emerge from the library of the House of Lords and address the titled daughters of democracy on Swinburne, the poet of revolt.

A Bile for Beit's. "Anywhere but Park Lane," was recently the plea of the distinguished husband of one house-hunting wife; and there might prove to be others of the same taste if the prolonged emptiness of No. 26 were a clue to anything but its extreme costliness. Now it is fated to be one of the most occupied of London houses, the second of the great Guest establishments in this city. Mrs. Frederick Guest does not go to Park Lane without satisfying several desires; as a daughter of Phipps of Pittsburg, she calculates upon a quite new sense of security under the wings of the Spread Eagle that is perched over the portals of Dorchester House. Hitherto, only South African riches have faced the expenses of Mr. Beit's half-a-dozen resplendent reception-rooms. For a time they were presided over by Sir Lionel and Lady Phillips, and even now the S.A. Association is not altogether forgotten; Mr. Frederick Guest served in the Boer War.

Young Pretenders. Lady de Clifford has been driven by garrulous Dame Gossip to deny that there is any foundation for the reports of her imminent remarriage. Two years and a half ago Lord de Clifford was killed in a motor accident outside

Steving after three years of married life. Lady de Clifford, who, in official descriptions, has since then "resided with her son, the present Baron" (he is five years old in a few days), is not the first widow of a Lord de Clifford to tend a son in his minority. The ninth Baron, Wordsworth's hero, was slain in the civil war of 1461, and his honours and estates were forfeited. His widow concealed his son from the time of his birth, disguised him as a shepherd in his boyhood, and in the end saw him reinstated. Lady de Clifford was known on the stage as Miss Eva Carrington before she married, and there is no reason why Lord de Clifford should not "pretend" shepherds on the South Downs.

Wardens of Honor. Lord and Lady Dudley, whose ball at Witley gave yet another brilliant opportunity to their friends to rejoice at the termination of the Australian banishment,

have more than a domestic hearth concern for the vaulting values of coal. Lady Dudley's philanthropic work gives her a keen insight into the stress of times when fuel is dear, and Lord Dudley may remember that no little of the wealth that strengthens his wife's hand in good works grew at the coal-pit brow. One of the richest of men (the name Humble clings to the family despite its high prosperity), he is younger than seems legitimate or proper for a man to be after having rendered such elderly and responsible service to the State. But Lady Dudley is not at home and a hostess because her career of Vice-reining, or its equivalent, is ended. She is at home mainly in the social interests of her lovely daughter, Lady Honor Ward. Lady Honor is barely twenty; Lord Dudley is hardly more than twice that age, and Lady Dudley is still younger—I do not mean than her daughter!



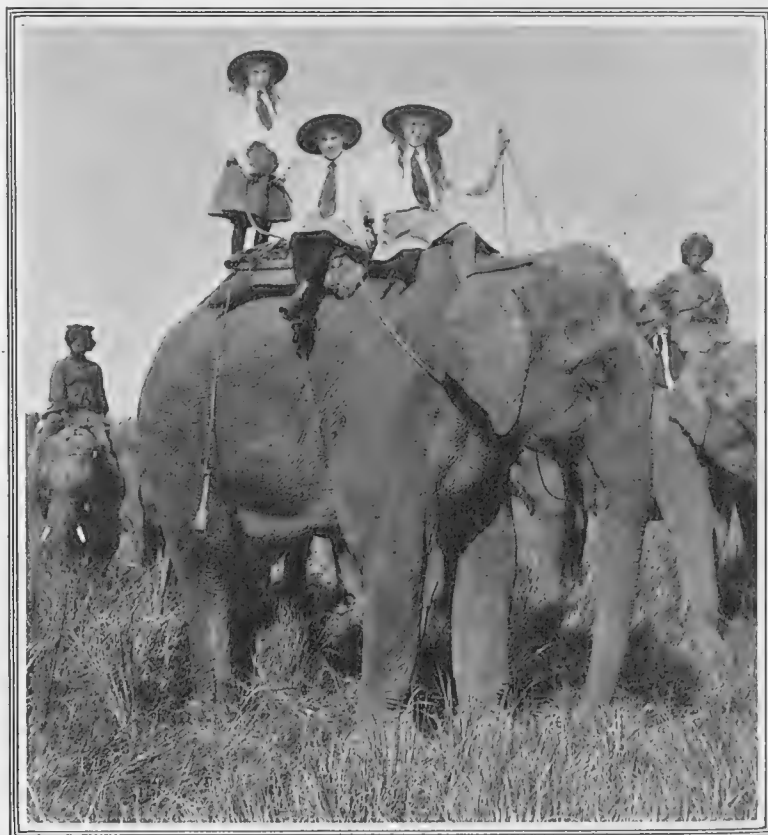
MISS MILDRED G. DOONER, WHOSE WEDDING TO MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ARCHIBALD MURRAY WAS FIXED FOR THE 22ND.

Miss Dooner is the daughter of Colonel W. Toke Dooner, formerly commanding the 1st Battalion Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, and of Mrs. Dooner, of Ditton Place, near Maidstone.—[Photograph by Swaine.]



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ARCHIBALD MURRAY, WHOSE WEDDING TO MISS MILDRED G. DOONER WAS FIXED FOR THE 22ND.

General Murray was appointed Director of Military Training Headquarters in 1907. He has seen active service in Zululand and during the South African War, in which he was dangerously wounded, and for which he was mentioned in despatches several times and awarded the Queen's medal with five clasps, the King's medal with two clasps, and the D.S.O.—[Photograph by Swaine.]



DRIVING THEIR OWN ELEPHANT. THE MISSES MANNERS-SMITH, DAUGHTERS OF THE BRITISH RESIDENT IN NEPAL.

The Misses Manners-Smith, here photographed on the occasion of the King-Emperor's big game shoot in Nepal, are accustomed to drive their own elephant in the jungle.

Photograph by Ernest Brooks.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

Fuel Economy. An economical engine is something the motorist likes to boast of, and this is only to be obtained by a carburetter which goes as near perfection as is possible to a device the duty of which is to reconcile wide differences of specific gravity. By independent reports on all hands it is certain that the Polyrhoe Carburetter is one that in the matter of fuel-economy fully establishes the claims made for it. It is at once an interesting and ingenious apparatus, having, as its name implies, many jets, which are placed in one continuous line, and are opened and closed automatically by the suction of the engine. The method adopted to obtain this variation is the employment of a piston in the body of the carburetter controlled by a light spring. As the engine-speed increases and the suction becomes greater, more and more of the jets are uncovered and deliver their supply of fuel to the engine. The Polyrhoe Carburetters, Limited, of 144, Great Portland Street, offer to fit these carburetters for fourteen days free of charge, to be removed if the improvement is not satisfactory to the car-owner.

Stop the Gaps. The present excessively wet winter must mean many thousands of pounds' extra expenditure to motorists on the score of tyres, for there is nothing so destructive to tyre-fabrics as the wet grit which works its way down to the casing through cuts in the rubber. Dry grit is bad enough, but wet grit is ten times worse, for it cuts like knives under the friction of the ever-rolling tyre. In this respect a motorist may save many pounds in the course of a year if he will only give the earliest possible attention to cuts, and stop them against the ingress of damp grit by local vulcanisation, or by the excellent tyre-stopping which is put upon the market by the Michelin Company. Tyre-stopping is a tedious job if it is done well—and it must be done well to be of any avail—but it will pay over and over again for the time and trouble involved whenever it is regularly undertaken. A Harvey Frost Vulcaniser, which can be carried on the car, and which is very simple to use, is an investment which will also pay for itself many times over in the course of a month or two.

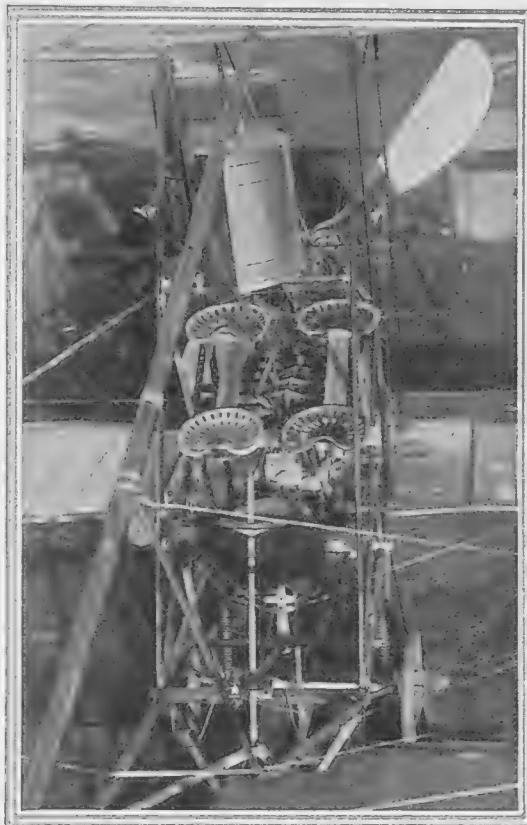
"Automatic Stability." May it be that the handwriting of an aeroplane on his knee on an aeroplane is fraught with as much meaning to the future of aeroplanes as was that much-quoted handwriting on the wall of Belshazzar's Palace with regard to the events that followed thereafter? Mr. J. W. Dunne, who has been heard of from time to time as seriously engaged in attempts to endow aeroplanes with automatic stability, "wrote a piece,"

as Artemus Ward would have put it, while sitting hands-off in his Dunne aeroplane and travelling in the air at sixty miles an hour. A facsimile of the written words appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* of the 17th inst., side by side with an endorsing statement inscribed on the reverse of the paper by Mr. Alec Ogilvie and Mr. T. O. B. Hubbard after the airman had come to earth. It is

noticeable, moreover, that the writing traced by Mr. Dunne on his aeroplane at sixty miles per hour is much more legible than the endorsement written on terra-firma. But the point of all this is that, in the Dunne aeroplane, a very great advance must have been made in automatic stability, or its pilot could not have penned a legible note while in the air.

Aerial Reconnaissance Possible. This remarkable and genuinely attested performance

should have the immediate attention of our military authorities if they are really concerned that this country shall hold her own with the Continent in the matter of military aviation. If, as is stated on the best authority, the Dunne aeroplane can be flown "hands off," and that its pilot can with security and comfort take note of all that he can see beneath him, then obviously here is the military aeroplane *par excellence*, and no other. Those who know anything of military reconnaissance are conscious of the close and careful observations which must be made if reports are to be of any value to a commanding officer; and how is it possible to observe the movements and disposition of an enemy when the observer is concerned for his life with the delicate and tricky balancing feats necessary to keep the modern aeroplane on an even keel? In any case, a passenger must be taken up, and this must double the pilot's responsibility. But with Mr. Dunne's aeroplane, the whole situation would appear to be altered, particularly as it is said that its control is very easily acquired.

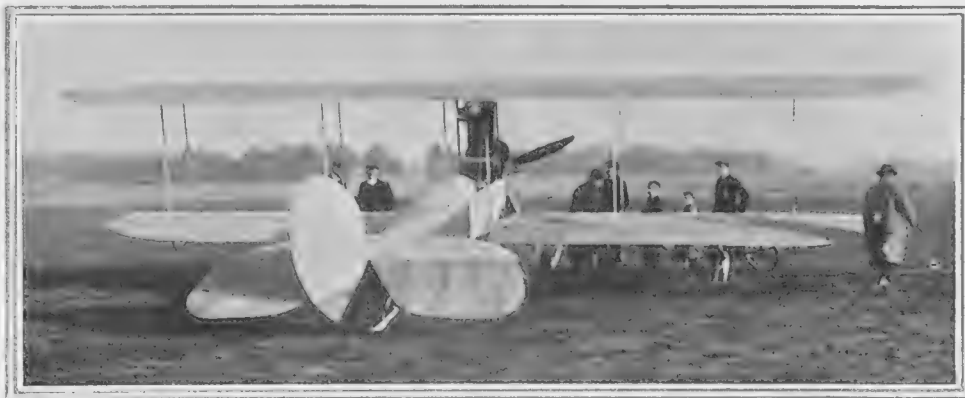


A VERITABLE AERO 'BUS! MR. CODY'S NEW FIVE-SEATER, SHOWING THE PLACES FOR THE PILOT AND THE PASSENGERS.

There is a marked tendency on the part of aeroplane-builders to make their machines larger and larger. Mr. Cody's new five-seater is a veritable aero-'bus, and is prophetic, no doubt, of a still more magnified aerial vehicle, in which, in a few years' time, the public will be accustomed to travel about as unconcernedly as they do in the motor-'bus of the present day.

Vedrine's Again! On Saturday, 13th inst., that great aviator, Vedrine, added most consummately to his laurels. He has succeeded in driving a Deperdussin aeroplane, fitted with a Gnome motor of 100-h.p., rotating a propeller 8 ft. 2 in. in diameter, with a pitch of 8 ft. 6 in., at a speed of 90 miles per hour, on the aerodrome of the Compagnie Aérienne, at Pau. In doing this, Vedrine has put the hour's record up to 78'44 miles, beating the previous best by Nieuport at Châlons, on June 16, 1911, by just on five miles. Finishing at the close

of 150 kilometres, Vedrine covered this distance—equal to 93 miles—in 1 hour 2 min. 43½ sec., the previous best having been the 1 h. 13 min. 35 sec. by Nieuport. Indeed, the whole of the distance records from five kilometres up to 150 kilometres, advancing by stages of five kilometres at a time, are now held by Vedrine, the Deperdussin aeroplane, and the Gnome engine. It is interesting to note that the planes of the record-making machine diverge in a somewhat startling manner from accepted



THE NOISELESS WAR-TERROR: THE NEW SILENT ARMY AEROPLANE AT ALDERSHOT.

Silence is, of course, a most valuable, not to say indispensable, quality in the military aeroplane. Hitherto, most flying-machines have been extremely noisy, and the whirr of their engines could be heard even when they themselves were almost out of sight. A great improvement in that respect has been made in the new silent Army aeroplane at Aldershot.—[Photographs by Topical.]

practice. They resemble more or less the wings of a butterfly, inasmuch as they are considerably wider on their outside edges than where they join the fuselage. The performance of Vedrine referred to above is regarded by a number of experts as proving conclusively the correctness of this practice in the matter of aeroplane construction.



CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

Top Weights. Speculation as to which horses are the likeliest to be given top weight in the Lincolnshire Handicap and the Grand National does not take a very wide range this year; indeed, there is almost unanimity on the question, Hornet's Beauty and Jerry M. being placed in that position by most of the amateur critics. Theoretically, Jerry M. should not be alone at the head of the Grand National, for all the French horses bar one are unknown quantities, and it is possible that they will be on, or near, the same mark on which Jerry M. is placed. It was quite a treat to see Sir C. Assheton Smith's great chaser under winning colours again after his prolonged retirement. Since he owned Cloister Sir C. Assheton Smith has not had the best of luck with his horses, but his turn may come again at Aintree in March, when, if all goes well, Jerry M. will not have such a formidable task as the year before last. Most years Mr. Topham has been content to start his handicap at 12 st. 7 lb., but with a limited range it is anticipated that he will go above that mark. Should he do so with Jerry M., it may be that the owner of the horse will feel inclined not to run him, for it will be recollected that he once said that he considered no horse should be asked to carry a weight in excess of that over such a severe course. With the minimum raised 7 lb., he may have revised that opinion. Since Manifesto in 1902, no horse has been weighted above 12 st. 7 lb., save Jerry M., whose impost, had he been able to run last year, would have been 1 lb. more. With regard to Manifesto, Mr. Topham was not afraid to lump the weight on. In 1900 he gave him the crusher of 12 st. 13 lb.; in 1901, 12 st. 10 lb.; and in 1902 12 st. 8 lb. The 12 st. 7 lb. horses in the interim have been Ambush II., Drumcree, Leinster (twice), Ascetic's Silver (twice) and Jerry M. (twice, previous to his 12 st. 8 lb. year). The Lincolnshire handicapper as a rule soars above 9 st., but only on rare occasions does he reach or exceed 9 st. 7 lb. He gave the American horse Priscillian that weight in 1909, and in 1907 Polymelus had 9 st. 13 lb. Sunder was given 9 st. last year, and The Gift 9 st. in 1906; but in all other years from and including 1901 the top-weight has been higher.

Aristocrats. One of the best-bred teams of racehorses in training is that under the charge of Mr. Purcell Gilpin at Clarendon, Newmarket. It numbers forty-three, and the respective owners are Major E. Loder, Mr. L. Neumann, Mr. H. S. Gray, Mr. J. E. Widener, and M. E. de St. Alary. If the term "aristocrat" is applicable to a horse, it is surely a description of several of the two-year-olds whose pedigrees recall many brilliant performances on the Turf. Spearmint, who is the sire of five of them, was one of the

"lucky Major's" luckiest strokes of fortune, being one of the very few horses purchased at public auction that developed into a Derby winner. It seems impossible to doubt that a filly by Spearmint—Sibola can fail to be a high-class racer, and her career will be watched with keen interest. Her dam was one of the unluckiest mares that ever lost the Oaks. Ridden by Sloan, odds of 7 to 4 were laid on her in 1899, and she was shut off at the start, being practically left. In spite of that misfortune, she only lost the race by a head to Musa, the great American jockey riding a superbly judged race that deserved a better fate. Perhaps Sibola's daughter will next year succeed where her dam so brilliantly failed. Another two-year-old, Addenda, by Spearmint—Admiration, will also be watched with keen interest when she races. Half-sister to Pretty Polly, she has a chance of doing great things, among her engagements being the National Breeders' Stakes at Sandown (a race in which her famous half-sister made such a sensational début) and the Oaks and St. Leger next year. There is also a two-year-old called Albion,

by John o' Gaunt—Elizabeth M., a pedigree which suggests great racing merit. Elizabeth M. was an exceedingly speedy mare, and John o' Gaunt has done enough through Swynford to lead to the hope that other great horses will own him as sire. Other well-known sires represented amongst the youngsters are Llangibby, St. Brendan, Gallinule, Laveno, and Eager.

Amateurs. Queerly enough, when one hears the term "professional," one is apt to infer something vastly better than "amateur." Yet it by no means follows that one who practises a particular sport for payment is better than one who follows it as a hobby. Many professionals are worse than bad amateurs, and some amateurs are better than clever professionals. It is the case with steeplechase riders, many of the paid contingent being vastly inferior to the unpaid. One of the most brilliant of the amateurs is Mr. H. W. Tyrwhitt Drake, who rode more winners under National Hunt rules last year than any other man save W. Payne.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

Leicester, to-day: Wigston Steeplechase, Bloodstone; Mapperley Steeplechase, General Fox; Novices' Steeplechase, Ballymacad; Stayers' Hurdle, Rapt. To-morrow: Gopsall Hurdle, Gilgandra; January Hurdle, Bobbie K; Harrington Steeplechase, Kilkeel; Wistow Hall Steeplechase, Cross Question. Kempton, Friday: Paddock Steeplechase, Forkhill; Middlesex Hurdle, Gilgandra; Kempton Hurdle, Rock Dust; Littleton Steeplechase, Johnstown Lad. Saturday: Kempton Steeplechase, Butter Ball; Egham Hurdle, Bronzewing III.; Cranford Steeplechase, Black Plum; Hanworth Park Hurdle, Himan. Blackpool, Friday: Osmaston Hurdle, Climax. Saturday: Lowther Steeplechase, Long Water.



ENTERTAINERS OF FOLLOWERS OF THE WHADDON CHASE, AT WINSLOW HALL: MR. AND MRS. MCCORQUODALE.



A MEET OF THE WHADDON CHASE AT WINSLOW HALL: VISCOUNT MALDEN AND MRS. PATTISON.

Lord Malden is the son and heir of the Earl of Essex. In 1905 he married Miss Mary Evelyn Freeman, daughter of the late William Russell Stewart Freeman, of The Manor House, Wingrave, Bucks. He has one son.



WITH THE WHADDON CHASE, VISCOUNTESS VALLETORT AND MURIEL LADY DE LA WARR.

Before her marriage to the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe's son and heir, last year, Lady Valletort was known as Lady Edith Villiers. She is the Earl of Clarendon's only daughter. Lady Muriel Agnes, daughter of the first Earl Brassey, married the eighth Earl de la Warr in 1891, and obtained a divorce from him in 1902. She has a son, Lord Buckhurst, and two daughters.—[Photographs by Topical.]



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.

If there is one thing stable and unchangeable in a shifting universe it is the great English country house, its social atmosphere, and its kind of entertainment. The centuries may pass, and amazing changes come about, but always the country-house party seems to be composed of the same elements and to behave in precisely the same manner. Recent books of memoirs all prove that there was just the same kind of "fun" in the 'fifties and 'sixties that there is now. In Sir Robert Morier's *Life* there is a delightful description of a party at historic Nuneham, on the banks of the Thames, which might, for all intents and purposes, have been written to-day, though I doubt if the company, as a whole, would be so amusing. "There were wits," says the great diplomatist, "a poet, a fat philosopher, and some agreeable and *espiègle* women of all ages." Lady Waldegrave, the wonderful spouse of four—or was it five?—distinguished husbands, and leader of London society for two or three decades, is described with the pen of a dramatist, and the picture of this witty and spirited woman makes one wonder why there is no such leader nowadays—one who can dominate, set the tone, and make the young people polite. It must be admitted that the Dowagers—perhaps because they have dropped the title, and prefer to be known as "Adelaide" or "Laura"—have lost something of their ancient prestige and authority. They are no longer approached with awe, a genial familiarity being the favourite

mode of address from young to old. This, perhaps, is the most striking change in modern life, for in all essentials those who are foregathering in country houses this winter are much the same as in 1851.

Politics and the Country House.

Yet in one respect the great country house has changed, for the affairs of the nation are no longer concluded there between Saturday and Monday, or in the intervals of pheasant-shooting. The ruling classes no longer consist of a delightful and agreeable "set," who stay in each other's houses and settle the most portentous matters with a shrug, a laugh, or a nod. Nothing gives one a nicer idea of the gaiety of heart with which our rulers envisaged public affairs in mid-Victorian times than Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice's "Life" of the late Lord

to say that no one in that well-bred, exquisite, and leisured set was ever surprised, shocked, or scandalised at any untoward event. The only question they asked themselves was—even in the midst of such a horrible catastrophe as the Indian Mutiny—"What will the public say?" And their one desire was to save their face by presenting a plausible account of any distressing event to Parliament. To this end, we may be sure, the country house, with its opportunities for private conversations, its leisure for making plans, was eminently conducive. And needless to say that, while the country-house was omnipotent, Woman had many opportunities of indulging in that form of athletics known as "pulling wires." With the disappearance of the political salon and the elimination of the country-house from public affairs, there must be a hiatus which is hard to fill.

Our Insular Brand of Humour.

One of the things which is peculiar to this island (like pickles, biscuits, and bottled sauces) is, it appears, our special kind of humour. It has, indeed, only one affinity on the Continent, and that is, curiously enough, the German. The jokes in the best German newspapers are often like those in *Punch*, though the illustrations which accompany them are poles apart. Mr. Owen Seaman, an excellent authority, declares that English humour is characterised by the use of implications, irony in its widest sense, and the art of discreet suggestion. "In England, moreover, the literary relationship between laughter and tears is a very close one." In Laurence Sterne, as in J. M. Barrie, this is very patent. Yet the Englishman, like the Arab, has a high sense of personal dignity which forbids him from appearing absurd. There is a great deal of truth in Mr. Seaman's assertion that "the majority of English people pass half their existence in trying not to be ridiculous, with the result that they often disarm ridicule by anticipating it." Certainly the surest way of preventing other people disparaging you is to laugh at yourself, when politeness compels your listener to contradict you. A Briton—just because he is sure of his predominant position in the world—does not mind joking about himself or his national institutions, though it cannot be said that he sits down tamely when others do so. Perhaps that is only another manifestation of our insular humour. Yet English humour seems to be more translatable than that of other races, for we find Dickens in every civilised language, and the homely fun of Mr. Jerome in almost every household in Russia.

Out with the Sacred Fire.

We are seriously threatened with the extinction of the Sacred Fire of Britain, the beautiful and inspiring sight of burning logs or coal, which do not, it is true, adequately warm our rooms on a cold day, but which have made the Englishman and the Englishwoman what they are. If, even in the days of flats and frequent flittings, we do still retain some semblance of a Home, we are not, in the future, to have a Hearth. This semi-sacred institution, which has flourished since the time our ancestors were encamped on Chancerybury Ring and other elevated places, is to be replaced, forsooth, by the stuffy system of central heating, by which means you are kept warm by hot-water pipes, or the fumes of smouldering charcoal from the depths below. And the worst of central heating is that, though there is nothing cheery in the room to suggest that you are warm, you are usually a great deal too hot for health or comfort. Perish the thought that we shall ever lose our cherished draughts and blazing fires for a system beloved by aliens, or acquire the pale complexions of the central-heated American and Canadian.



A TEA-GOWN AND A DÉSHABILLÉ.

The left-hand figure is wearing a simple tea-gown. The sheath, made of chiffon velvet, in a coral shade, is covered with a draped tunic of grey crêpe-de-Chine, held in at the waist by a rose made of coral-coloured ribbon. The same roses are sewn on to the tunic. The right-hand figure has a déshabillé in pastel-blue soft satin, with a tunic made of Chantilly lace. The coat is made of soft brocade, embroidered in gold and edged round with bands of ermine, having flounces of Chantilly lace falling from the sleeves.

Granville, known in the Cabinet and in London Society as "Pussy." This was the heyday of the country house as a factor in the affairs of the Empire as well as these islands. Needless



A RENOVATION.

This is a renovation of a black-velvet dress, made by adding a shaped tunic of grey striped velveteen; the lower part of the bodice and sleeves to match.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 29.

STOCK MARKETS.

IN the Money Market there has been a strong demand, and rates both for loan and discounts have shown an upward tendency. The lack of Continental demand for gold and the increasing Government balance will help matters, but India will probably continue to require gold for the movement of the rice crop, and so prevent any hopes of a reduction in the Bank Rate being realised in the near future.

In spite of this, Consols and kindred securities have been better, chiefly on the idea that the former will shortly be made transferable by deed. In the face of the result of the miners' ballot, Home Rails have shown a harder tendency, and the prevailing opinion seems to be that some sort of a settlement of the labour troubles will be attained. At the time of writing, the only dividend that has come up to the market's expectation has been that of the Metropolitan District, where 2 per cent. is paid on the Second Preference.

The Mining Market has been uninteresting, and the East Rand meeting has failed to stimulate prices in the Kaffir section. Although we do not consider the explanation of the recent scandal altogether satisfactory, it is best forgotten, and it is pleasing to note that there seems to be a growing disposition among the big houses to meet the wishes of English shareholders in regard to meetings, reports, etc., and it is to be hoped that all will shortly fall into line in this direction.

Among Miscellaneous issues there has been slightly less activity than of late; Oils have improved under the lead of Shells, which have been bought on hopes of a speedy settlement of the rate-cutting war. Rubbers, on the other hand, have not been quite so good.

London General Omnibus stock has touched 240, and the long-awaited details of the amalgamation scheme are now public. It looks as if there may be a contest over them. The wisest course for holders is to take present price and let the interested parties do their own fighting. Marconis, West India and Panama Telegraphs, and Duff Developments have been other strong features.

AMERICANS.

Money has been exceedingly plentiful in New York lately, but business in Wall Street has been disappointing and prices irregular. Wabash issues have been quiet since the appointment of the receiver; Lehigh Valley have been very active, while Reading moved up in sympathy. The Steel Trust is fully occupied with orders, but at very low prices, and the quarterly statement is expected to make a good showing; otherwise business throughout the country is quiet, and fears of a strike among the employees on the Western Roads tended to restrict dealings last week.

The opinion seems to be held in New York that there will be a contest between Roosevelt and President Taft at the coming elections, which would increase the excitement and uncertainty, and consequently the disturbance of trade.

Among adverse factors must be mentioned the decision of the Supreme Court in regard to the ruling of the Commerce Court in the recent Spokane case. The railways have always claimed the right to reduce freights on Transcontinental traffic, where the competition of the sea-route has to be faced, while maintaining freights from inland points where no such competition exists, and it is this right that is now being called into question. When the Panama Canal is opened this matter will be still more important.

The outlook is not very bright for a revival of business, and we look for quiet and irregular prices during the next six months, at any rate.

SOME BANKING RESULTS.

A large number of the Banks have now issued their reports on last year's working, and it is interesting to note some of the results attained. On the whole, these may be considered satisfactory, although in many cases there is a decline in profits when compared with the figures for 1910. The question of depreciation of securities has again been very much to the fore, and both reserves and profits have had to suffer, although not quite to the same extent as in the previous year.

The London County and Westminster Bank shows a net profit of £911,286, an increase of £27,845, while investments are written down by £180,000 out of reserves and profits, against £325,000 allocated last year. Although the total of investments is only £168,000 less, the holdings in British Government securities have been reduced by over a million, a fact which should afford food for much thought! The dividend remains practically the same, being 21½ per cent. less income tax, against 20 per cent. free of tax paid last year.

Lloyds' Bank is another institution that has enjoyed a prosperous year, and although net profits show a decline, they amount to the respectable total of £933,509. Here again the large amount of £207,500 has been assigned to depreciation, against £220,000 a year ago. The dividend, however, remains unaltered.

In the report of the London Joint Stock Bank £82,200 is debited to such depreciation out of profits, while in 1910 the amount was £30,000, but in that year £65,000 was taken from the reserve in addition. The dividend is slightly lower, and the net profits show a shrinkage of £79,500.

Both the Union and National Discount Companies have done well with dividends of 12 and 10 per cent. respectively, and large additions to reserves. At the National Discount meeting an effort was made to get the liability on shares reduced, but the directors would have none of it.

TEBRAU RUBBER ESTATES, LTD.

I propose to deal to-day with the Tebrau Rubber Company, which is quite the most promising of the "young producers" at its present valuation. The home of the Company is in Edinburgh, and it was floated in March 1909. The estates comprise 6001 acres, in the State of Johore, Malay Peninsula. The issued capital is £125,000 in £1 shares, of which 24,440 were allotted to the shareholders in April last at 30s. premium, thus providing a further £61,100 of working capital. The price paid for the property was £38,500, of which £36,000 was accepted in shares. The total expenditure on the estates up to June 30 last was £95,500, equivalent to £24 7s. 7d. per acre planted. The following are the latest available particulars of the acreage planted—

When Planted.	Average Age of Trees at Dec. 31, 1911. Years. Months.				Acres Planted.
1904	7	11	40
1906	5	8	40
	5	2	467
	4	9	80
1907	4	4	28
	3	9	168
1908	3	3	707
	2	9	30
1909	2	2	1124
1910	1	1	1173
1911	under 6		60

There are, in addition, 2000 acres of jungle, comprising the Utara Estate, which remain at present unopened.

It was not originally expected that the Company could pay any dividend before 1912, but the progress made has been so rapid that the position is now fully a year ahead of the prospectus estimates. An illustration of this is afforded by a cable-gram received on Oct. 23 last from one of the directors who was inspecting the estates. He cables: "My impression very favourable. Growth over all excellent, especially 1908 planting, of which large proportion will be tapping within the next month." The Company's year ends June 30, and up to June 30 last trees on about 237 acres were tapped, producing 32,202 lb.; sold at an average price, after deducting freight, insurance, and all sale charges, of 5s. 1d. per lb.; and a first dividend of 2½ per cent. was paid in October. The estimate for the current year to June 30 next is 106,000 lb., which should be easily obtained—40,145 lb. were obtained in the first six months. After this year the crops should expand rapidly, and the following tentative estimates have been made—

Year ending June 1913	243,000 lb.
" " " 1914	460,000 "
" " " 1915	737,000 "

Assuming that no further planting is done, and that the whole of the nominal capital of £150,000 is issued to bring the 3917 acres planted into full bearing, the total crop, at 600 lb. per acre, would be 2,350,000 lb., which, if sold at a total gross price of 2s. per lb., or 1s. per lb. profit, would produce £117,500—or say, 75 per cent. per annum in dividends. For the current year about 10 per cent. may be expected, and for 1912-13 about 20 per cent. At the ruling market price of £3 10s., the valuation per acre is £112. Those who buy now, and can afford to be satisfied with a moderate return on their capital for a year or two, should see a large advance in the value of their investment.

P.S.—Of the Rubber shares lately recommended in this column, Peraks and London Asiatics seem high enough for the moment—over 8s. and 12s. respectively. The following are all likely to improve: *Batu Caves*, *Bukit Kajang*, *Langkat Sumatra*, *Consolidated Malay*, and *Sagga*. The last-mentioned appears to have been rather overlooked, and is exceptionally cheap and likely to go quickly to £15.

Jan. 20, 1912.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor,
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

GAMMA.—(1) This Company possesses many interests in Rhodesia, some of which are certainly promising. It has prospects. (2) We do not like this Company. A meeting is called for the 25th, at which a good deal of light should be thrown on the position.

E. W. S.—According to your trust deed, you could invest in any of the following: (1) Hull and Barnsley Railway 4 per Cent. Preference; (2) Metropolitan Railway Preference; (3) Central London Preference; (4) South Eastern 5 per Cent. Preference; (5) Leopoldina Preference shares; (6) Central Argentine Consolidated Preference, and many other Argentine Railway Preference stocks, also the Preference shares and Debentures of a large number of commercial Companies, such as Bryant and May, D. H. Evans and Co., Van den Bergh, William Whiteley, and hosts of others. You should average 4½ per cent. at least.

SPEER.—You might put part of your money in Rubber. See the Companies which have been recommended in our last few issues. Outside Rubber we suggest: (1) Lyons Ordinary, (2) *Lady's Pictorial* Pref., (3) Sanitas, (4) Van den Bergh Ordinary, (5) Assets Realisation, (6) Trustees and Executors Ordinary. This gives you variety enough.

OASIS.—Both shares are a gamble. We have no special information.

JUDITH.—The stock has gone without interest before now, and the business, like most pastoral ones, is liable to great fluctuation. Leopoldina Terminal Debentures or New Chili Loan are safer investments for you.

J. J. W. (Finchley).—We only write private letters in accordance with Rule 5. (1) We have not got the details of the rearrangement. (2) Not bad, but very speculative.

E. P.—If we held General Omnibus, we should take the present price and not trouble about the merits of the dispute.

GENEVA.—(1) We should hold. (2) The scandals have shaken everybody's faith. (3) The American Market is dominated so much by politics at present that we cannot give an opinion. (4) We are told they should be held. (5) A fair speculation.

Since the last issue, Van den Berghs Ordinary shares have been very actively dealt in. The shares are now round about 47s., and, in view of the scarcity and high price of dairy produce, a rise to 60s. might be, perhaps, justified, as the return would still be a very satisfactory one. The 17½ per cent. dividend is thoroughly assured, yielding at the present price 7½ per cent. A much larger amount will be brought into the current year, and a larger final dividend is said by some to be not improbable.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Another Injustice from Germany.

Some of the German papers, in commenting on the rumour of an engagement between the Hereditary Grand Duke Adolphus Frederick of Mecklenburg-Strelitz and the only daughter of the German Emperor, stated that he is a near kinsman of King George, as his grandmother was an aunt of their Majesties. The Dowager Grand Duchess Augusta Caroline of Mecklenburg-Strelitz is aunt to Queen Mary—is, in fact, her Majesty's only aunt. She will in July be ninety, and was a decade or so ago well known in London Society, where she came every year with her granddaughters Marie and Jutta, who made their appearance in our Court circle. One is

now Princess Danilo of Montenegro, and has been here recently with her husband, who represented the King of Montenegro at the Coronation. To the imaginary grievances between Germany and England the total extinction of a grand old English Princess and German Grand Duchess need not be added. Her Grand Ducal Highness is a cousin to King George. Her only brother was the Duke of Cambridge, her only sister Princess Mary Adelaide Duchess of Teck.

Obey, or The case is in a nutshell, and there is no sense in quarrelling over the kernel. No nice

Casino dresses, hats for all sorts of occasions, shoes for every dress, gloves for the plumes in every hat, coats for the promenade, coats for the restaurant, furs for the cold, thin frocks for the heat: in fact, a complete and exhaustive trousseau, on the principle that, to have all you will want, you must take twice as much as you are likely to require. The winter sportswomen take thick, light, very short skirts; stout, high-legged, substantial boots; a change of thick woollen jerseys and caps; and a couple of dinner dresses.

A Hair-Dressing Halt.

I hear from an Indian friend that on one of the journeys of the King-Emperor in his Eastern Empire the train was stopped. As no stop was expected, there was great perturbation and no little excitement among fussy and over-anxious officials. Some thought there was danger down the line; others thought the train might be attacked; the word "bomb" began to be whispered here and there. Finally, all agitation was calmed by the announcement that the Queen-Empress's dresser had found it quite impossible to do her Imperial Majesty's hair with the shaking of the train in motion! The difficulties of that functionary may be easily understood by most of us who have had maids wrestling with our hair in unaccustomed circumstances. They had only to make their mistresses decently passable, but the Queen-Empress had to be turned out to be the cynosure of all eyes; therefore, the dresser was but performing a loyal duty in having the train stopped. Her Majesty's hair is worth dressing, too, on a head set just right for a Queen.



ONE OF THE FIRST THREE LADY DEPUTY-SHERIFFS OF MANHATTAN AND NEW YORK: MRS. JOHN CROSBY.

Photograph by Sport and General.

man wants to marry an obedient woman; no woman should want to marry a man who is not nice. Woman's motto, like that of the Sussex pig, is "I won't be druv." Women will be led; there is nothing they won't do for the men they care for—aye, even to the giving up of the fight for votes, when they get them!

Breathing Time. Society is having an interlude; in politics, entertaining, and fashions a strenuous time is in front. People are using and abusing the breathing space as seemeth best to them. Although there was a large muster last week at St. Margaret's, Westminster, for the marriage of Mr. Ronald Graham and the Hon. Sybil Brodrick, it was not nearly so large as it would have been had the masses of friends of both bride and bridegroom not been scattered. Many have gone to the shores of the Mediterranean, where there should be sunshine, but where mistral and rain seem to be having an unusual innings. More have gone to Switzerland for the sunshine and the snow, but in many places there has been apparently more rain than snow. The Countess of Lanesborough, with her daughter, Lady Eileen Butler, whose fiancé, the Marquess of Stafford, is in attendance, will probably have better luck, as they started last week with the cold spell. Mrs. Asquith and her son and daughter left last week, too. Mrs. Asquith, a noted rider to hounds and golfer, has now learned to ski, and is most enthusiastic about it.

Contrasts in Kits. It is amusing to notice the differing preparations of those who are going to the Riviera and those who are going to the Swiss altitudes. The former are straining every effort to discern the fashions that are coming, and are preparing outfits to startle or attract—day dresses,



THE RULER OF SIAM AS A BOY SCOUT: KING VAJIRAVUDH AS A "WILD TIGER."

The Boy Scouts of Siam, who wear the regulation kit, owe their being to their King. His Majesty and all his Ministers are Scouts and, being "grown-ups," are known as "wild tigers."

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

however, at the suggestion of Lord Sefton, whom they met on board the steamer, and who recommended the banks of the Setit as a good sporting district. Hence this interesting book.



AS REALLY SEEN BY THE ARTIST: A "PRE-HELLENIC" PAINTING BY MRS. VERA WILLOUGHBY.

Mrs. Willoughby had Le Gros as drawing-master, but has never had a lesson in painting: "As she conceives an idea she paints it straight away and rapidly. She paints no other subjects than pre-Hellenic. She has never been in Greece. Her subjects are as she really sees them, in her conception of the character. She obtains many of her subjects by frequent night visits to the east of London with her husband." Her works are to be seen at 9, Orange Street, Haymarket.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

Sportsmen—especially those who have had shooting experiences in Africa—will read with much interest a little book called "Sport on the Setit," the narrative of a sporting trip along the rivers Atbara and Setit (pronounced Seteet), by Mr. F. Cecil Cobb. It is illustrated by many photographs taken by the author and his companion on the expedition, Mr. H. Leney, of Selling Court, near Faversham. The great merit of the author's narrative is that it is absolutely devoid of literary affectation, being told in straightforward, conversational style just as one man might talk to another in a club smoking-room, recounting his adventures. That Mr. Cobb's story is not without a vein of quiet humour may be gathered from the following incident. "Needless to say, the old crocodile got off unscathed, to Leney's unspeakable disgust; and when I say 'unspeakable' I am not quite correct, for, as we were returning, he *did* speak it, and his language was both rich and forcible." The two friends sailed from Dover to Port Said in the P. and O. steamer *Moldavia*. Their original intention was to travel on camels from Port Sudan to Kassala, and thence across to the Blue Nile, or, as an alternative, to ascend the White Nile to Bor. Their plans were altered,

THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN.

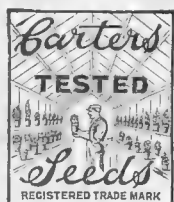
NOW that the last days of January come round and the shooting season is well-nigh at an end, the vigilance of the keepers is less strict than it was, and poachers are quick to take advantage of their last chances. In remote country corners, far from the rail, and well away from mines and manufacturing towns, the poaching and the sporting instinct are so closely allied that the punishment meted out to those who are caught offending seems to be given and received without much ill-feeling on either side. For some time I had a middle-aged man in my service, a steady, sober worker, who told me that he was a bachelor because the girl of his choice had refused to have anything to do with him. Later on, he told me that he had been rejected because he took a week from work once to go poaching. Still later, he added that he had taken that week off for many years, generally in January, when the heavy shooting was over for the season. He declared that he couldn't resist the temptation, and that he had never been caught. To-day he is in Canada, where, I suppose, there are no pheasants to tempt him to use the little rook-rifle with which he would pick roosting birds off the branches.

"That's not sport, that's murder," said a friend of mine when I told him the story; but I think he was wrong. There must have been sufficient woodcraft in the study of the wind, the hiding of tracks, the close listening for a sound that seemed suspicious. When I was in North Africa, years ago, I travelled for some months with a native hunter and tracker. He stalked a leopard and killed it with a charge of buck-shot at about fifteen yards; he would ride Arab stallions whose paces made me feel devoutly glad that I had no occasion to come within touch of their head or their heels; he would follow the wild boar through the forests of M'amora and Argan-day and night-until; but when we shot partridge or sand-grouse he would not try to raise them. He left me to do that with any I could find while he stalked his birds and shot them sitting. To my remonstrances he would reply, in the curious blend of Arabic and English he favoured, that cartridges could not be replaced so far away from the coast, and that sitting birds were easier to hit than flying ones. Yet he was a sportsman, from the crown of his head to the soles of his yellow slippers, and thought no more of working up against wind to a leopard of the plains, at rest among the oleanders by a stream, than he did of shooting a pigeon that sat preening its wings on the branch of a forest tree.

Some of our local poachers are not sportsmen. There is a little gang in a village three or four miles away that is on very intimate terms with the public-house and the county jail, and this company raided a neighbouring wood recently when the moon was at the full. Through my open window the sound of night-shooting was just audible; but the local keeper had been called away to a distant wood on the same estate, called there in all probability on a false scent. The haul was a good one, and the proceeds must have gone in drink, for the next raid, some forty-eight hours later, was ill managed; the head-keeper had wind of it, mustered a goodly force of underlings, and the little company will probably be missing from the neighbourhood for some weeks. Happily, they offered no resistance.

All things considered, poaching is well on the decline. Save in the neighbourhood of big towns and mining works, one seldom hears of gangs of desperadoes who are as ready to kill a gamekeeper as they are to kill a pheasant. It is hard to realise what this country was like, say, seventy years ago; but I had a reminder of it a little while ago, when I saw in the garden attached to a keeper's cottage in remote East Anglia a man-trap that was actually in use in the 'thirties or 'forties. It was just like a giant rat-trap, with teeth that locked together, and it required all the force of a strong man to set. Once sprung it would have caught a man round the waist, and if it did not kill would have mutilated him. Yet though men knew the dangers they ran, they would face them, and it is hardly surprising if, when a poaching foray was a matter of life and death, there were terrible fights when keepers and poachers met. Of late years the knowledge of woodcraft has developed considerably, and the keeper can make the poacher's path difficult and uncertain without doing him any grievous bodily harm. A long wire set about a foot from the ground, and connected with a harmless weapon that fires a noisy charge of powder, is very efficacious. I know of one place where this has kept some covers in security for several seasons, though of old time they were often poached. The wires are constantly shifted, so that no intruder can say where they will be. But in all probability the force that has done most to put down poaching is the ever-growing understanding between landlord and tenants. Men who know that, while there is nothing against them, they may hope for pleasant days as beaters and stoppers at a time when ordinary work is slack, are not going to spoil their own chances; and most shooting men will see that a share of the ground game goes to the deserving poor. A good keeper who understands men can do more to put down poaching than a dozen convictions will do.

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CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with Society Masqueraders; Winter Sports; Greek Statues as Beauty-Bringers; Mr. Maurice Farkoa; Madame, Bébés, et Bouledogue; Lady Diana Manners; Paintings on Silk; Miss Kate Moffat; "Oedipus Rex," at Covent Garden; M. Mounet Sully as Oedipus Rex; Mr. Martin Harvey as Oedipus Rex; Miss Phyllis Dare.

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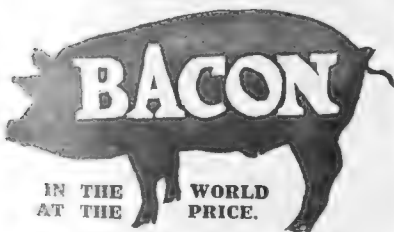
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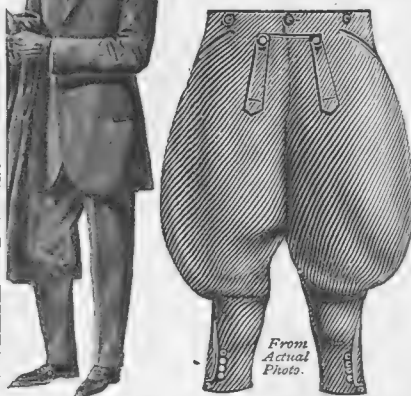
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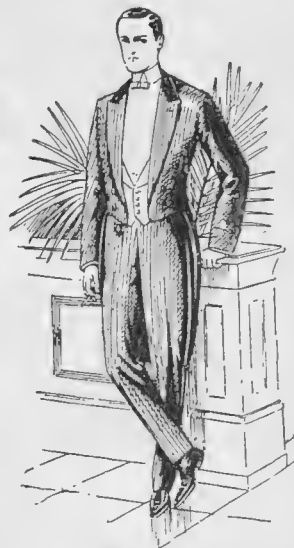
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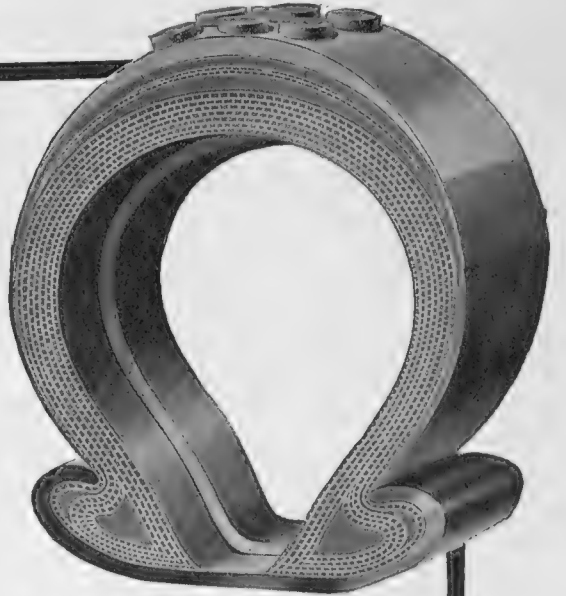
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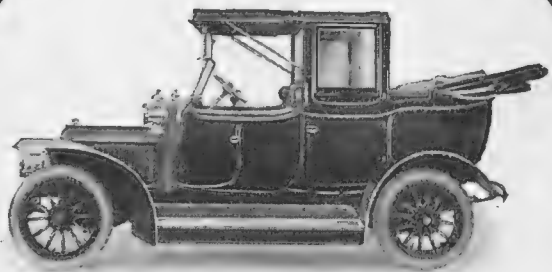
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THE winter months bring many seasonable pleasures to the migrating Englishwoman, whether her weakness is skating, ski-ing, tobogganing on Switzerland's mountain roads, or whether she prefers a less strenuous life on the Riviera; but unless she possesses the necessary *savoir-faire* she generally manages to return home with a drab, lustreless, sallow, freckled face. She has had a joyous time, no doubt; she is healthier than ever, no doubt; but, returned from the whirl in the foreign countries, she finds that however she may have profited in other directions she has lost the soft charm of her complexion.

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Thousands of users of Valaze (4s. 6d., 8s. 6d., and £1 1s.) in many lands have realised that against piercing winds and cold weather, against the burning sun, freckles and sallowness, Nature gives no infallible remedy to the complexion: Valaze does. Nature reddens and roughens the skin: Valaze keeps it soft, clear, and supple—free from blotch and blemish. The skin that is toned and purified by Valaze is already free of handicap, but for times of exposure such as is the subject-matter of this article, Novena Sunproof and Windproof Crème (3s. and 6s.) is a preparation of astonishing efficacy. It entirely prevents, as Valaze removes, freckles, sunburn, sallowness, and shrinking of the

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During winter water should rarely be used more than once a day for washing the face, and that on retiring at night. The Valaze Complexion Soap (2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.) will then be found most soothing and beneficial. The cleansing of the skin can be most effectively accomplished without soap and water by the use of Novena Cerate (2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 12s. 6d.) a sweet-smelling cream of unique composition.

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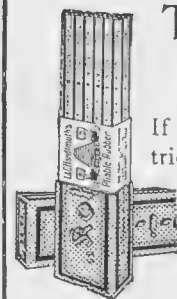
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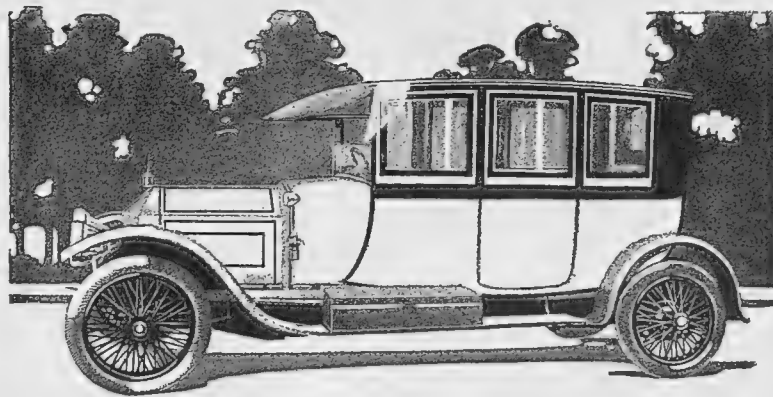
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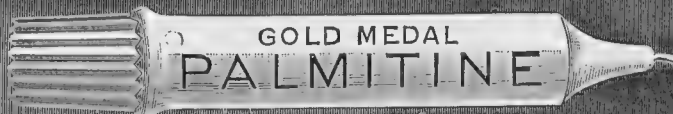
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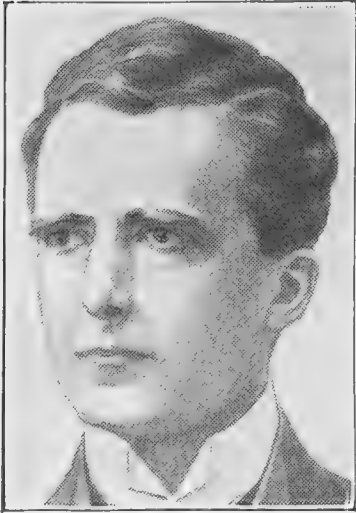


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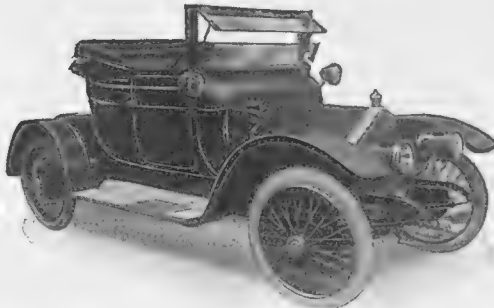
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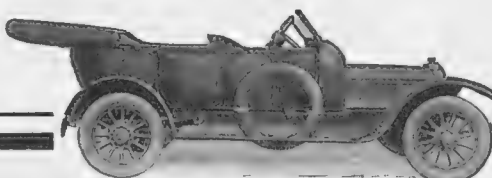
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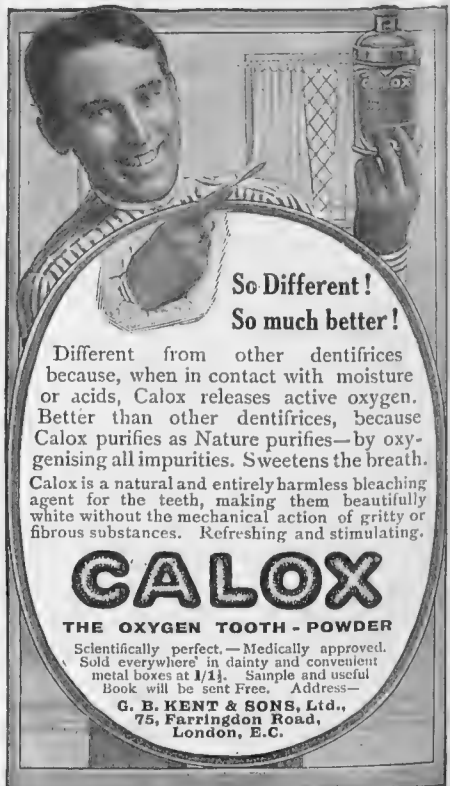
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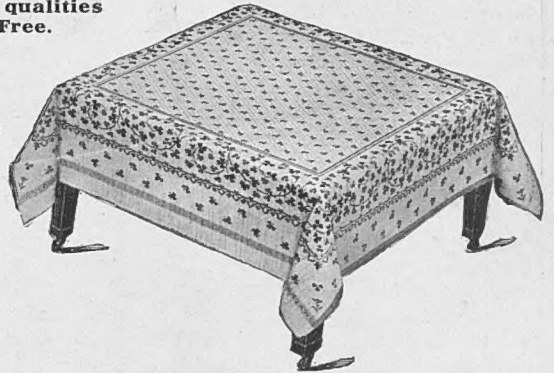
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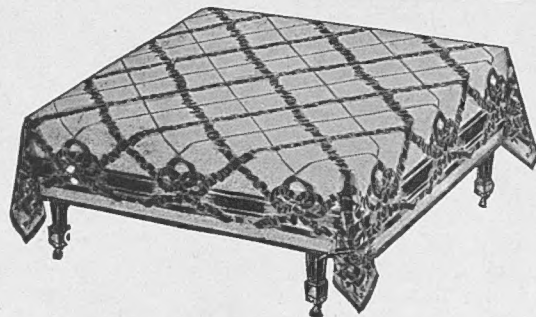
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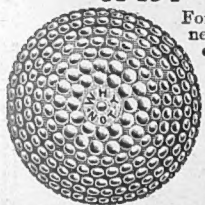
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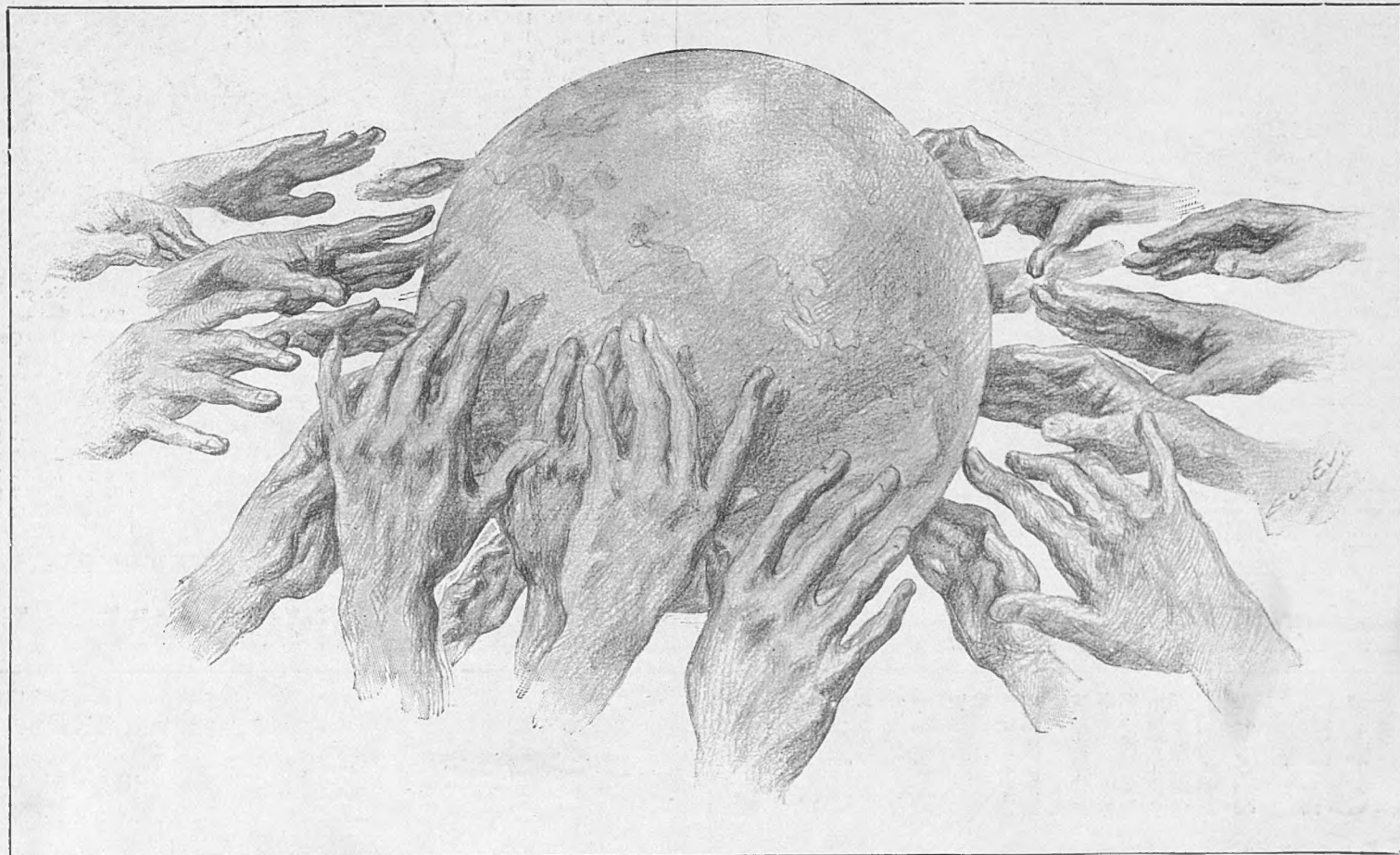
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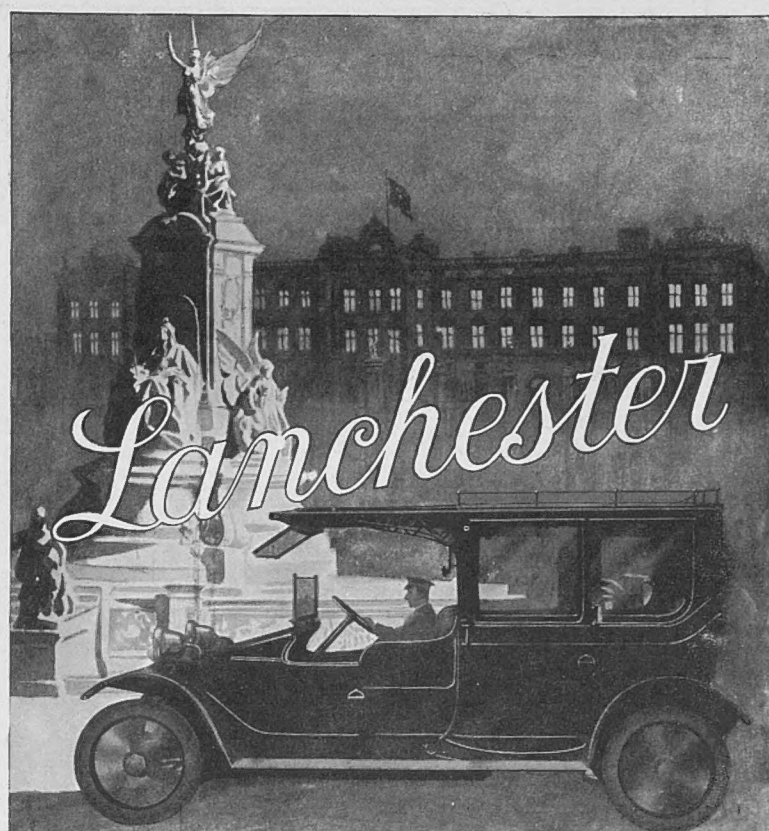


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